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Henry N. Ingalls

MEMOIR

OF

HENRY AUGUSTUS INGALLS,

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS

MEMOIR

OF

HENRY AUGUSTUS INGALLS.

BY

REV. GEORGE W. BURNAP,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST INDEPENDENT CHURCH OF BALTIMORE.

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise." — *Halleck.*

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PREFACE.

The Committee, appointed by the Metropolitan Association to make a selection from the writings of our late fellow member, Henry A. Ingalls, and with it publish a Memoir of him, submit the present volume as the result of their labors.

For the Memoir, we are indebted to the Reverend George W. Burnap, of Baltimore. It is a beautiful and appropriate tribute to departed worth; for it we tender to the author our grateful acknowledgments.

With regard to the selections, it is not intended to submit them to the "unfeeling ordeal of criticism." Many of them were written at an early period of Mr. Ingalls's life, for his own amusement and improvement; and all, with perhaps one or two exceptions, were, undoubtedly, never thought of for publication.

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The object of the following publication is, simply, to embody in an enduring form, the memorials which are left in his writings, and the recollections of his friends, of the mind and character of a young man, distinguished for moral and intellectual attainment. The Association which undertook the enterprise, were desirous to possess, individually, the means of recalling more vividly the image of their departed friend, and thus of kindling within themselves an ever-renewing desire of that excellence which they admired in him. They wished to rescue from oblivion the memory of one, whose example is calculated both to stimulate and encourage the young in all that is good. They felt, too, that the benefit would not be confined to themselves: for whoever should thus learn his early development both of mind and character, would be reminded of his own powers and responsibilities, and be exhorted "to go and do likewise." They would have it manifest, that the opinion too prevalent among young men, that virtue, morality and honor, go unob-

served and unappreciated, and consequently there is one reason less for their being practised, is erroneous; as the affection of every member of our Association for the memory of our departed friend, abundantly testifies.

They commend it to the attention of the young, as a plain, unvarnished tale of real life, demonstrating by facts, how much may be accomplished in a short life, directed by wisdom and sanctified by true religion.

JOHN J. ANDERSON,
L. B. HARDCASTLE,
THOMAS J. TAYLOR,
JAMES M. DRAKE,
REUBEN H. CUDLIPP,
Committee.

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MEMOIR.

The friends of the subject of the following Memoir have felt themselves constrained by their affection for him, and by a desire to diffuse the influence of so bright an example of moral excellence, to embody in a more enduring form the memorials that are left of a brief, yet honorable and well-spent life. We are told by a wise man, that "honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age." That life is long enough which fulfils life's great purpose; and to the mature in virtue, no death can be untimely.

There never was a time, perhaps, when there was more need that honorable mention should be made of high moral attainment in early life. There is a strong tendency, in our age and country, to overlook and underrate the importance of character in the young. There is great

ambition in parents to give their children the best advantages of intellectual education, to hurry them into the world, and then to push their fortunes by every expedient. The signs of thrift and enterprise are watched with the most anxious eye. But the formation and development of character, which is, after all, the only sure basis of permanent prosperity, are looked upon with comparative indifference. The consequence is, too often, ultimate and bitter disappointment. Without character, talent, acquisition and the most flattering prospects, are sure to make early and total shipwreck. Hence the spectacle, which all our large cities exhibit, of multitudes of young men, to whom life, though commenced under the most favorable auspices, is a complete miscarriage; who, instead of being ornaments to society, are its pests and scourges; instead of being the joy and comfort of their parents, are their sorrow and disgrace, bowing down whole families, in the midst of affluence and splendor, to mourning and tears. It is salutary, to show the young of our large cities, that the paths of temptation may be trodden, even by the inexperienced, uncorrupted and unsoiled; that contact with the multitude by no means involves contamination with their vices; that the soul may maintain its purity in the midst of a tainted at-

mosphere; and true piety may spring up and mature, in the hurry and din of a mighty metropolis.

Henry Augustus Ingalls was born in Merrimack, N. H., on the eighth of September, 1823, and resided in his native town till, at the age of ten, he removed with his father's family to the city of New-York. Until this period, there was nothing in his character to distinguish him from his associates, except, perhaps, a propensity to reading, and a remarkably equable temper and disposition. Soon after his removal to New-York, he was placed at school, and became very fond of study and books. He always occupied a prominent position in his class, and excelled in most branches of study. In 1835, he entered the Mechanics' Society School in Crosby-street, where he remained four years, completed his school education, and graduated in April, 1839. While at this school, his career was marked by a harmonious development of intellectual and moral excellence. One of his associates bears witness, that "while at school, Henry was beloved by every schoolfellow; he was esteemed, not alone for his superior mental qualities, well-informed mind and studious habits, but for his even and never-varying moral and courteous in-

tercourse with those about him." As a testimony of the estimation in which he was held, during the last year of his course at school, the graduating class, having out of respect and gratitude to the institution in which they had been educated, formed an association for the collecting of a cabinet of natural science, unanimously, with the exception of his own vote, placed him at its head. To this honor he was twice reëlected. Upon all these enterprises for self-improvement, he entered with a warm, but steady and persevering zeal. On all public occasions, he acquitted himself, both as a speaker and writer, with distinguished success. This school association became the nucleus of a more extensive and permanent society. Those who had derived so much pleasure from literary intercourse at school, determined to prolong their friendship and mental advantages, by forming a literary society, called the "METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION;" the object of which was, "to promote a spirit of inquiry on useful subjects, and to extend the knowledge of its members by means of debates, essays, lectures, &c." Over this association, young Ingalls was chosen to preside; an evidence that his merits were discerned and appreciated, as well after, as before, his separation from the scenes of his pupilage. Of his connection with this so-

ciety, the following communication from an intimate friend gives a gratifying and satisfactory account.

Enfield, N. C., March 22d, 1845.

Dear Sir:

I lately received a letter from Mr. J. J. Anderson, of New-York, communicating the pleasing intelligence, that a committee, of which he is chairman, has been appointed by the Metropolitan Association to select for publication a portion of the writings of the late Henry A. Ingalls, and that the work will contain a biographical sketch of the author, which you are to contribute. Mr. Anderson therefore, desires me, as one who was favored with the intimate friendship of the deceased, for several years preceding his death, to give you some information respecting his character and deportment, whilst connected with the above mentioned association, where my acquaintance with him commenced, and the estimation in which he was held by his fellow members.

The duty which this request imposes, I feel myself incompetent to perform; nor would I venture to trespass on your attention, were I not apprehensive lest my silence would seem to manifest any indifference towards the memory of a deeply regretted and venerated friend. True, I had the best opportunity of becoming acquaint-

ed with the rare merits of Mr. Ingalls, and of ascertaining the high degree in which he possessed the esteem and affection of his associates. But I am aware you do not want generalities; and when I attempt translating my recollections into words, I find gentleness, truth and benignity so blended with all he said and did, as to render it a matter of extreme difficulty, to refer to any particular acts, in which the goodness of his nature was more prominently exhibited. It is the confession of all his friends, that he glided into their hearts at the very first interview. That it was no holyday excellence which caused this favorable prepossession, is evidenced by the fact, that the longer he was known, the more he was admired and loved. The uniform uprightness of his character, and the attractive suavity of his manners, are still more fully attested by the existence of the association, which now seeks to honor his memory, and the circumstances attending its establishment.

A number of young men, in New-York, few of them beyond their legal infancy, met to form an association, for the purpose of mutual improvement. All were enthusiastic for the success of the undertaking; but, from a body of inexperienced youths, who could be selected, of sufficient wisdom and influence, to conduct their

proceedings in a suitable manner, and direct their energies into a proper channel? Strange to say, one of the youngest amongst us, was considered the best calculated to accomplish these ends. Though previously unknown to the majority of us, Mr. Ingalls was chosen president at our second sitting; and in this capacity, he more than justified the confidence reposed in him. To his consummate judgment, and the ascendency which his virtues had obtained over the minds of the members, may be attributed the continuance of our society. Without giving the least offence, he perfectly succeeded in tempering rashness and preserving order. When any misbehavior occurred, he rebuked it in a manner so sweetly impressive, that the offence was not repeated; and the persons censured, were more strongly bound to him than before. Every thing tending to promote the objects for which we had combined, received his most devoted support; and when, according, to our rules, he ceded the chair to another, the prosperity of our society, principally through his management, was placed on a permanent basis.

In a literary point of view, his talents much elevated the character of our society. The advantages of a cultivated intellect were so brightly exemplified in his own person, that his sugges-

tions were readily attended to, on all matters connected with mental discipline. In debate, he displayed the utmost skilfulness and promptitude, whether in giving a forcible exposition of his own views, or successfully unravelling the defective argumentation of his adversaries; at the same time, never permitting a word to escape him which could hurt the feelings of the most sensitive. Thus, while he generally triumphed in every discussion, no hostility rankled in the minds of the defeated. His essays on various subjects, always found attentive and charmed listeners. In a word, the impression created by the manifestation of his powers, both in *extempore* and prepared composition, was such, that one sentiment pervaded the minds of all: — since the spring is so rich in promise, what treasures will not the summer and autumn disclose!

If discord sometimes prevailed in our body, and feelings of enmity were engendered amongst the members, Mr. Ingalls participated only in their love; for at his hands nothing was experienced but affability and kindness. When angry conflicts ensued, he used his best exertions to restore harmony. On one occasion, a warm altercation had taken place between two members, in the course of the discussion; after the meeting dispersed, he was seen in earnest conversation

with one of the parties. He brought them together, and the consequence was, a cordial reunion. This line of conduct was duly appreciated. I might multiply instances of his worth; but, perhaps it is enough to say, that every act done by him during the time he bore a part in our proceedings, tended deservedly to strengthen his claims to the respect and admiration of his brethren. It is my conviction, that no individual in similar circumstances, was ever more loved and honored. So far from hearing a word, at any time, uttered to his disparagement, I ever heard his name spoken of in terms of unqualified commendation. Of one endowed with so many amiable qualities, it is hard to say what was the distinguishing excellency, or what most endeared him to all who knew him. He was, perhaps, the only one unconscious of his own merits; for, like his Divine Master, he was "meek and humble at heart." He resorted to no artifice, put on no disguise, in order to obtain good will from men. In his conversation, he eschewed all frivolous topics and gave candid expression to his sentiments. The stainless purity of his life was, in itself, the most withering rebuke to the vicious; and still he was acceptable to persons of the most conflicting opinions, and of the most opposite shades of character. I marked the

unvaried mildness of his demeanor, his gentleness and sweetness of nature, which made all around him happy; his sympathy for the poor and the desolate, and the oppressed; his expansive philanthropy, which refused to be narrowed by the limits of creed, country or color. I knew him ready to succor "the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keeping himself unspotted before the world;" and my heart was forced to acknowledge, that "religion undefiled" dwelt in his breast; that since the days when angels came down and conversed with men, goodness appeared not on the earth in a more fascinating guise. I was nurtured in a different belief; I was only a denizen of his country; yet, till I knew him, I comprehended not the impassioned truthfulness of that passage, "Jonathan loved David as his own soul." It lessened not the reverence I had conceived for his character, to discover that he was identified in faith with a body of men who were connected with my earliest impressions of whatever was splendid in talents, liberal in politics, or amiable in private life: I mean the Remonstrant Synod of Ulster, the men who in their own persons nobly and successfully vindicated the rights of conscience, and who, in the most trying times, "stood for the right and the region," when the smiles of power would have rewarded a different course.

I am deeply sensible of the feebleness of this sketch, and its worthlessness to the end designed. Had I the requisite ability to portray Mr. Ingalls' character as it deserved, I would consider any amount of labor, for that purpose, well employed. The homage now paid to his talents and virtues, and the efforts being made to secure them a durable monument, by his former associates, show the feelings with which his memory is cherished. Such a memory as he bequeathed us, wets the eye and sweetens the heart; and most sincerely do I rejoice, that the task of embalming it has been confided to the hands of one who has reached so high a place in the republic of letters.

I am, respected sir,

Your ob't servant,

EDWARD CONIGLAND.

The writer of this cannot forbear here to break the thread of the narrative, to bestow his hearty commendation on literary associations of young men in large cities. They are, he believes, productive of untold good. They have their dangers, of running into form and superficial wordiness, quibbling and pretension; but the good, under all circumstances, overbalances the evil. Intellect is quickened, investigation is stimulated, habits are formed of ease and fluency of speech

before a multitude, and no mean preparation is often made in these juvenile assemblies, for influence and efficiency in the business of after life. The young learn to discuss with candor and fairness, the principal subjects which must ever divide the opinions and suffrages of mankind.

The sphere of life which he had chosen for himself was that of a merchant, and he accordingly became a clerk in a dry goods store, where he continued for two years, giving his employer the fullest satisfaction. It is a pursuit to which he was well fitted, and one which he was calculated to adorn. There was in him, as it seemed, by nature, an absolute and spontaneous integrity, which, after all, is the only sure foundation for lasting success. And it is one of the regrets, which his early removal causes in the minds of his friends, that he was not spared to contribute his share to adorn and redeem a profession, which has, of late years, been subjected to so much reproach.

The idea has been gaining ground, for some years, in the confusion and revolutions of mercantile affairs, that strict integrity in a merchant, so far from promoting his success, is a positive obstruction to his prosperity. There is so much underhand management in every channel of trade,

that he who conducts his business on the principles of plain honesty, will be ruined, or at least, left behind in the race, by the unscrupulous and unprincipled. If this be the fact, then no Christian ought ever to place a son in a situation where he is exposed to such moral corruption. But the proposition is incredible, and refutes itself. Trade cannot be pursued, in this age, without credit. The precious metals, and even bank notes, are not the only bases of exchange, are not the only representatives of value. Personal character is always taken into view in every transaction. It is always considered whether there is the disposition, as well as the ability, to fulfil a contract; and it is absurd to say, that he who is known to want the disposition, while he has the ability, stands on as good ground, as he who is known to have both the ability and the disposition. Character is capital, and the want of it is the greatest disqualification for mercantile life. If trade be, as it is represented, inevitable ruin to integrity, then the friends of the subject of this notice have reason to be thankful that he was so early taken away, that his soul passed into the spiritual world, unstained by the pollution which cleaves to the employment of buying and selling.

But whatever are the perils of mercantile life,

it was ordained that our young friend should never know them. He did not quite reach the age of majority. After remaining two years in the employment we have mentioned above, he obtained a situation as clerk in an insurance office in Wall-street, where he remained till the appearance of that fatal malady which brought him to an untimely grave.

There must have been in his constitution a strong predisposition to pulmonary disease. His form indicated it, and there was in his manner a pensive gentleness, which physiologists have remarked as generally characteristic of the early victim of tubercular consumption. It seemed, moreover, to be finally developed without any exciting cause. As if in anticipation of the shortness of his time, his character, before remarkably mature, from the first hour of his sickness, seems to have developed and ripened apace; and what is often the work of a long life, was concentrated into a few months — a preparation for new and higher scenes. It is not to be understood by this, that the graces of soul, which he then exhibited, began to exist at that period, or that religion and duty were then new and strange ideas. They had been forming and brightening in silence for years. They had blossomed in that sacred circle, where all that is good

in us originates, the sanctuary of home. He had tasted of its sorrows and its joys. He had there found endearing objects of his affections and his sympathies, sufficient employment for his active energies, and amusement for his leisure hours. He was thus saved, by his domestic attachments, from other temptations which assail the unfortunate youth, whose home has no attractions, or who has himself no preference for the society of mother and sisters, over the heartless companionship of the thoughtless, the idle, or the profligate. Sickness merely brought out and perfected what was in him before. Such a decline and such a death, could not have followed a heedless or an ill spent life. The sad tidings of incurable disease, the cold grasp of inevitable death, would have struck with consternation any heart which was not sustained by the testimony of a good conscience.

The realities to which death must introduce us, were not new subjects of thought to him. He could, therefore, contemplate them calmly and unmoved; and it may truly be said, that young as he was, he looked on the great event which was approaching with more composure, though it was to translate him to worlds unknown, than those could do, who were merely to lose for a short time, a companion of their earthly pilgrimage.

The writer of this has been favored with a detailed account of his sickness and death, from his physician, which is here given nearly in his own words. This document is most important to the present purpose, as it conveys a lively transcript of the impression made by his whole character, on one placed in the best possible situation to observe it. As by a modern invention, the human countenance is made to create its own image, unerring and exact, so the intimacy of the family physician, creates in his mind a moral image of the person, daily and hourly subjected to his observation, as nearly corresponding to the original as any human estimate can make it. The reader of this narrative will perceive, from the first, that an impression was made by this young person, of marked mental and moral superiority. There is in it evidently a spontaneous and unstudied tribute to rare natural endowment, and to a maturity of mind and character quite as uncommon. Wherever he went, as far as the writer can learn, he made the same impression on all who became acquainted with his character.

New-York, March, 1845.

Rev. and dear Sir:

It is with much gratification that I have learned from Mr. Ingalls that you have consented

to draw up a biographical sketch of his deceased son Henry. The publication of his manuscripts has been a subject of much interest to me ever since his death; and now that it is about being accomplished, a sketch of his short life, so pure, so holy, so heavenly-minded as it was, to accompany it, is a circumstance, to me, peculiarly gratifying. Mr. Ingalls has requested me to transmit to you such incidents of his life and traits of his character, as I may have been familiar with during the six years of my professional acquaintance with his family, hoping that it may be of some assistance to you in the prosecution of your work; a request I most cheerfully comply with.

It was in the summer of 1838 that I was introduced to the family of Mr. Ingalls, on the occasion of an accident happening to his youngest daughter. Henry at that time had not reached his fourteenth year; and although slender in his person, and in appearance youthful, even for his years, presented to the eye of an observer a cast of character of more than ordinary interest. It was during this, and a temporary illness with which his father was afflicted, but a few weeks after that of his sister, (mentioned above,) that those peculiar features of character were observed, so beautifully and strikingly developed in after life. He was naturally taciturn, said but little,

unless something of more than ordinary interest drew him forth; but his countenance, even at that early age, was so beautifully expressive of his feelings, that I might almost say, "words with him were useless." How distinctly, in my mind's eye, I even *now* behold him, as he *then* appeared to me, hanging over his father, with his eyes fixed upon him, (I had been letting a little blood from his arm,) solicitous and ready to render the smallest assistance, and yet with feelings suppressed, and countenance expressive of entire submission! Ah! how strikingly, how beautifully, did his after life illustrate that heavenly principle; "I bow in submission to the Divine will," which was the first remark at the commencement of his illness; and he left us with it almost lingering upon his lips. From the period just mentioned, I became intimate in the family of Mr. Ingalls. The succeeding year was a period of more or less sickness among its members. Henry was frequently brought before my notice, and always, and under all circumstances, exhibited that same tranquil, placid cast of character — the same sweet smile sat upon his countenance, and a word of kindness fell from his lips for every one that approached him. It was not, however, until after this, that I became acquainted with his intellectual character. He was naturally, as I before

remarked, somewhat reserved in his intercourse, particularly with his seniors; yet, when drawn forth, exhibiting a mind well furnished from our best authors, both ancient and modern, a knowledge of the passing literature of the day, together with a general acquaintance with science and the arts, truly astonishing in one just passing from school-boy days. As each year of my acquaintance with him elapsed, my interest in this dear youth increased. I found him a close student, especially bent upon mental improvement, and the cultivation of every virtuous principle that could adorn the mind or ennoble our race; that could fit him for usefulness here, or happiness hereafter. In addition to the more solid branches of education, his taste for music and drawing was certainly very remarkable. In the former he was entirely self-taught, yet his performance on the piano and flute was highly creditable to himself and gratifying to his friends. Oh! sir, never, I think, was seen a happier family than that of your friend, before death entered its sacred circle. I have often watched them, as they, together with their excellent father, were surrounding the piano of an evening, joining in one of the popular airs of the day; and the thought not unfrequently pressed upon my mind, how dire would be the blow, should the hand of death be ever raised to

sever the ties that bind this affectionate, happy group together,—a foreboding, alas, too soon to be realized. They lived for each other ; and it was here that the character of Henry shone forth with peculiar lustre — it was here that even his beautiful adornments of mind, his accomplishments of person, were thrown into the shade. Never, I believe, did he feel happier than when administering to the comforts or pleasures of his beloved parents and sisters, — this was his ruling passion, and it was "strong even in death." "I did hope," said he, a little before his death, "I did hope to be able to administer to their comforts (alluding to his parents) in their old age, they have done so much for me, — but God's will be done."

He seemed to possess feelings of unbounded benevolence : — in his every suggestion, there appeared something for the benefit of some of the human family ; and I think I may say, without hesitation, I never, in all my walks, knew one so entirely free from the form or appearance of any thing like selfishness. He seemed to breathe a spirit of universal philanthropy. I have thought it somewhat remarkable, that in the sickness occurring at various times in the family of Mr. Ingalls, I never had had my attention called to Henry, until six months before his death. So

perfect had his health been, that I think I have since heard his father say, that never, since his infancy, had it been necessary to call for him a physician. During the year preceding his death, I had seen but comparatively little of him; he being engaged during the day in his clerkship, and opportunities of meeting in the evening had not been frequent, so that any other idea than that of his being in perfect health, never once entered my mind; neither had any thing been observed by his family, until a little more than six months before his death; so silently and secretly had the destroyer done his work. It was in the early part of November, that he called on me one morning to get something for his cough, which was only in compliance with his father's wishes, as he said it only troubled him in the morning. His appearance gave me no uneasiness, and he assured me, that he otherwise felt quite well. I gave him a remedy, and after a few visits, he said it had left him, and he felt in perfect health. The thing passed from my mind, until the latter part of December, when accidentally meeting him one day at his house, he mentioned he had within a few days become very weak. This symptom greatly alarmed me, and I immediately took him under medical treatment. Reluctantly he consented to give up his business for

a few days; a duty, alas, to which he never returned. A few weeks' closer investigation of his disease, still further excited alarm, inducing the fear, that it was of much longer standing than at first was apprehended. At this period, I thought proper to call in to my aid Dr. J. M. S ——, a gentleman who has for the last fifteen years held the chair of the theory and practice of medicine in the medical college of our city; and who is considered inferior to none among us in the treatment of this particular disease. Our united opinion was, that there was no decided disease of the lungs, although a strong predisposition that way. A course of treatment was proposed, from which, should no relief be obtained, it was agreed to seek another climate. The proposed time of a fortnight rapidly passed round, but brought with it no relief, although there appeared no aggravation of the unfavorable symptoms, and we lost no time in making preparations for our departure. Savannah, and from thence to the Floridas, for various reasons, had been selected as our place of refuge from the dreaded onset. Accordingly, we took passage on board the brig Exact, bound for Savannah. Our dear invalid bore the fatigues incidental to leaving home, and a large circle of friends, with that composure and serenity of mind, so peculiarly

his own; and indeed seemed better, and more cheerful; so that, full of hope, on the morning of the seventh of February, we set out on our journey to the sunny south. The day was remarkably fine for the season, and quite calm; we passed slowly down the river, and towards night anchored in the lower bay, intending not to put to sea until morning. How often, since that period, has my mind reverted to this memorable evening! I know of no time, from the first dawn of his disease, when my hopes were so high; we were gathered together in the cabin, — our dear Henry was so much himself; his cough through the day had been so trifling; his sweet smile was playing on his countenance, while he talked cheerfully, looking forward to a return, with health regained, to his "sweet home," and circle of kind friends. The hour was late, and we began to think of retiring. It was just then that Henry quietly took up a flute that had been laying near him, and placing it to his lips, began, with peculiar sweetness, the Scottish air of "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." It was a little incident, my dear sir; but now, while I am writing, methinks I can almost hear the notes of that evening floating across the air; there seemed something unearthly in the sounds. They were the last he ever played. Our passage was full of

hope and fear: the first two days were very rough; the next was pleasant, and we all felt much better, while the appetite of our invalid returned, and he seemed very comfortable. The next day was the Sabbath, and a delightful day indeed it proved to us. Henry sat up nearly the whole day; he walked the deck, and really seemed to enjoy himself. During the day, he expressed a desire to hear read one of his pastor's (Dr. Dewey's) sermons. I accordingly chose, at his request, "Religion as the great sentiment of Life." He listened very attentively to the words of exhortation, occasionally dropping such remarks as the subject suggested. In the afternoon he again expressed a wish to hear another of these affectionate discourses. It seemed to bring *home* very near to him, and all those he most tenderly loved. Thus passed our first Sabbath on the ocean; it was a day long to be remembered, and with grateful hearts did we retire to our rest that night, thankful to our Heavenly Parent that we were allowed to indulge even in hope. Our voyage was considered, on the whole, a remarkably fine one; and on the afternoon of the sixth day from our leaving Sandy Hook, we arrived safely at Savannah.

We disembarked on the evening of the 13th of February; and having obtained comfortable

lodgings, were all soon enjoying a refreshing sleep. Hitherto, every thing seemed to favor us with regard to the restoration of our beloved Henry to health; our voyage had been a pleasant one, remarkably so for the season; he had been benefited by it; and now we were favored by a continuance of fine weather, finer than it generally is at this season, even in this charming region. The morning after our arrival, the sun rose upon one of the most delightful days ever witnessed; the sweet south wind was wafted in upon us as we sat by the open window, every breath of which seemed to revive my patient, who had now become so dear to me, that every breath he drew was watched with the deepest interest. During the day, he took a long ride, came back much refreshed, and after enjoying a short sleep, arose and dined with us at the public table; during the afternoon, enjoyed the visits of several friends, to whom we had letters, and retired early, evidently much improved. It was at this time, after all was quiet, that his excellent father put to me the question, (with a depth of interest that may be conceived, but not described,) "whether, indeed, he might not *now* indulge a hope?" To which I was forced to reply, "a *hope*, but that is all." Henry's disease, from the first, had appeared to Dr. S——— and

myself, thus: a small spot (not probably larger than a dollar) of tuberculous deposite, was evidently forming in the superior portion of the left lung; our object was to prevent its extension, as well as its softening into matter, from which would probably be formed an abscess, a state of things which would immediately extinguish all hope. It was a case in which medicine could do but little; my principal dependence was an avoidance of all exciting causes, exercise in the open air, diet, &c. Two months had now passed by, and yet there appeared no increase of the disease; and thus far, room was left for *hope*. Among the letters we were favored with, to friends at Savannah, was one from Henry's much-loved pastor, Dr. Dewey, to the Rev. Mr. Clapp, pastor of the Unitarian congregation of that place. To this gentleman, I feel much indebted for his many acts of kindness to me, personally, as well as his unremitting attentions to my patient, during the whole of his residence at Savannah. His intercourse with him was of such a character, as to enable him to furnish much that will be of value to you, I have no doubt, in the prosecution of your work. Through Mr. Clapp, I was, at my request, made acquainted with Dr. A———, a valued friend with whom I was desirous of consulting; and as my absence from

home could not be continued beyond a few weeks, I was solicitous to leave him the charge of my patient. In conjunction with him again, before my departure, a critical examination was made of the state of his chest. I was gratified to find the disease still very circumscribed, having made no progress within now nearly three months, and that his general health had much improved. But, ah! what a treacherous disease is consumption; delaying oftentimes in its progress, just long enough to allow us to build up our hopes, and then hurrying its victim with rapid strides to the close of life, as if more than to make up for the momentary delay! I was happy to find in Dr. A——, an entire concurrence of opinion as to the plan of treatment to be pursued. I accordingly made my preparations to return homeward, having agreed with Dr. A——, that our patient was to remain at Savannah, or pass on to Florida, according as his health, or the state of the weather, might render it desirable.

The season, however, was so far advanced, and there being a prospect of the mild weather's continuance, it was thought highly probable that Savannah would be the permanent place of sojourn, until his return north. Accordingly, it became necessary to remove our lodgings from the public house to a more retired location; and

here we were singularly fortunate in procuring accommodations in a private family, whose kindness and attentions to our invalid during his whole stay at Savannah were unremitting; they were remembered by him as long as life lasted; and after his return home were often referred to with feelings of the warmest gratitude.

Indeed, the kind attentions of many friends at Savannah call forth, even at this day, our best thanks. Should any of them be so situated as to need the acts of kindness they extended to our invalid, I trust they may meet with those who will as deeply sympathize with *them*, as they did with us; and then, and only then, can they *fully* appreciate our feelings of thankfulness.

On the 17th of February, I bade adieu to my friends and my dear patient, with whom now for weeks I had been continually in the closest contact, and with whom I thought it highly probable I might again never meet on this side the grave. I shall never forget his farewell, his affecting farewell. I can now see his bright eyes suffused with tears, can feel his feeble arms thrown about my neck: he uttered not a word—his countenance bespoke all he felt.

I returned home by land, and shortly after my arrival received from him a letter stating,

very clearly, that he felt himself daily increasing in strength; that he rode out, continually enjoying the society of the kind friends he had met with there. This continued until the early part of April, when it became very evident, from his handwriting, that there was a decrease of strength. It became tremulous, instead of the usually bold and manly style natural to him. I felt that my worst fears were now about to be realized, apprehending that the loss of strength and nerve could arise from no other cause than the formation of the much dreaded abscess. Soon after I received a communication from Dr. A., confirming the fact. I immediately wrote to Mr. Ingalls, urging his instant return; this he did by easy journeys by land, during which you had an opportunity of seeing him when passing through your city. And here let me pause a moment in my narrative to remark, that the residence of Henry at Savannah formed an interesting period of his life, and especially showed forth in a clearer light than any former period the religious state of his mind; and this will be furnished you by our mutual friend, the Rev. Mr. Clapp. I might also remark here, that he was, in my view, most conscientiously attached to his particular faith, yet breathing at all times a most catholic spirit. I might relate a little in-

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cident by way of illustration during our journey. We had of course been constantly in close contact, yet separated in our morning and evening devotions; this appeared to me wrong; that two immortal beings, bound to the same eternal world, could not worship the great Author of their being in unison, seemed to me an absurdity. One morning, my book of Common Prayer laid on the table, and I observed he had but a few minutes before been reading it. I asked him if he were familiar with the prayers; he said he was, and thought them very beautiful. And could you, I remarked, join with me in the morning and evening family prayers, which you doubtless have looked over? "With pleasure," he replied, "although I might mentally put a different construction on certain expressions from what you would." It was enough—from that morning began our united prayers to the Giver of all good, and I believe were never once omitted while we remained together.

It was at this point of his sad progress toward the tomb, that he became known to the writer of this memoir. His sister, younger than himself, came as far as Baltimore to meet him on his return from the south, and was my guest till his arrival. She had evidently no idea of his des-

perate condition, and expected to see him renovated in strength, or at least in no worse condition than when he went from home. She daily spoke of her anticipated pleasure in seeing him comparatively well. Forming my own anticipations by hers, I too expected to see him, if not recovered, yet restored to comparative health.

I had not seen him more than once since boyhood, and I recollected him rather as a sedate, reflective, retiring child, than as a young man, mature in mind, settled in character, and full grown in stature. The first intimation we had of his approach, was the present of a box of strawberries, sent us just at evening, by him, on his arrival in the steamboat from Norfolk. This delicious fruit was not then ripe in our latitude. From this, I augured favorably as to the condition of his health. To me, it did not seem possible that any one could be so thoughtful of others, who was himself an invalid, and in the last stages of weakness and decline. It was all explained, however, when I became acquainted with his character.

I attended his sister to the hotel, with raised, and rather pleasant anticipations. He had retired to his room, though not to rest. He first saw his sister alone. I was soon sent for, and followed to his room. It was a scene which I

shall never forget. The door was opened,—and a glance revealed all. He was sitting up, and rose with difficulty to receive me,—the very picture of consumption, pale, thin, weak, and panting for breath; yet there was in his bearing, a calmness, a dignity, a resigned meekness of expression, which awed, at the same time they touched the feelings. He evidently labored to do his best, in order to mitigate, if possible, the shock which his condition was manifestly giving a sister whom he tenderly loved, and from whom he had never perhaps before been so long separated, since they had played together around their mother's knee. What a withering of hope was there! an only son, meeting his eldest sister, both in the very bloom of life, bearing in every limb and feature the sad evidence that he would soon be her companion no more! The first moral trait which struck me at this interview, was an entire forgetfulness of himself, and solicitude for others. There was a total absence of that anxiety for his personal comforts, which long sickness too often produces. The claims of indisposition were instantly waived, to give place to those of courtesy, and the drooping invalid was the last to be considered.

I had seen many cases of consumption; and

my eye, by long practice, had become nearly unerring in detecting its presence, and foreseeing its issue. The whole future came up in a moment before my mind. That marble brow had already assumed its last whiteness; those glassy, earnest eyes, must soon look their last; those emaciated hands were soon to rest from their appointed task; soon that youthful form will be seen no more! Such thoughts, only infinitely more bitter, seemed to occupy the mind of my companion. Still, she bore the interview with admirable fortitude, I may say with cheerfulness, and gave no external sign of the agony she suffered within. In compassion to his weakness and weariness, we made our interview short. We closed the door after us, and paced the long, silent passage together, without speaking a word. The first attempt to speak brought with it a flood of tears. "It will kill my father, it will kill my father. He never can be well; what will become of us?" I could not conscientiously utter a syllable of hope, for I saw there was none, and I therefore suffered her grief to find its natural relief.

The next day he came to my house, and there, in the family circle, I became fully acquainted with the truly Christian graces of his mind and character. He seemed to me, on more intimate

knowledge, to be a person of rare natural temperament and moral constitution. He appeared to have never had anything to unlearn, never to have contracted any of those obliquities, which the young are too apt to incur in their intercourse with a corrupted world. He seemed to be good without effort, because the right, the just, the true and the generous, was the first and only thought that was suggested to his mind. Older persons looked on him with astonishment, as having, at the very commencement of his career, made attainments in excellence which usually come only with a long life of religious experience. He was especially free from one of the most besetting sins of the young of this country and this age, irreverence, want of respect for his elders. It was a precept of the Mosaic dispensation, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God." It was a precept too, which had a more important bearing on individual character and the welfare of society, than may, at first sight, appear. Reverence always flows from a sound mind and a good heart. Wherever it is absent, there is something wanting, or something wrong. The want of this disposition is a bad indication every way; it is too often the incipient stage of a general recklessness. It is signifi-

cant to observe the connection in which respect for the aged is placed with piety to God; "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, *and fear thy God*," intimating that these two duties are generally joined together, either in performance or neglect. And certainly, the want of a disposition to venerate what is venerable in man, will lead to want of reverence to God. I know not why it is, but there is evidently a decline of proper respect in the young for their elders, in this country; and this same spirit of irreverence yearly blights the prospects of multitudes. It early leads them to despise the restraints of law and order, set at defiance the moral sense of the community, and thus make shipwreck of their prospects in the very morning of life.

At the greatest possible distance from this unpromising disposition, was the character of our young friend. I doubt if his most intimate companions can recollect his ever indulging in a sneer. His heart was too good, his feelings too kind and candid, to allow him to pour contempt on the weaknesses, or even the vices, of erring, suffering humanity. He had that divine charity "which thinketh no evil."

There was, most obvious to every observer, another trait in the character of our young friend,

nearly allied to that of which I have just spoken, —a hearty earnestness. We too often find the young, at a very early period, completely initiated into the manners of artificial society ; already accustomed to measure every word and action by considerations of expediency. Those who have intercourse with them, are compelled at once to assume the same caution, which they would use were they conversing with a diplomatist. This is called, and often boasted of, as knowledge of the world. It may be, but it is a knowledge of the world in the worst sense ; a knowledge of its vices, which it is much better to be without. It is a knowledge, which is possessed in its perfection by the very worst classes of society ; and is too often, itself, the indication of deep depravity. However it may be called knowledge, it is not wisdom, unless it be that wisdom, which is condemned by the Apostle, as "earthly, sensual, devilish." Of all species of wisdom, it is the most unprofitable ; it helps no one, but rather destroys confidence, and puts every one upon his guard, lest he be deceived and overreached by it. It precludes at once all genuine and hearty communion. It creates an uncomfortable feeling of insecurity. It tends to isolate each individual, and destroy, at the outset, all the pleasures of society.

There is another wisdom, which is infinitely better; the wisdom which cometh from above, which is "pure, peaceable, gentle," and without disguise. This is the wisdom which opens all hearts, instead of shutting them up; which wins its way without effort, where cunning is resisted; which finds itself at home and at ease with those whose friendship is most valuable, and whose society is most desirable.

It was this quality in our young friend, which, perhaps, more than any other, made him such a universal favorite. It is so refreshing to meet with an unsophisticated heart, in the dusty, worn and weary paths of this life, — it is like a fountain in a desert, like verdure in the sands. It was impossible to approach him without feeling — "here we have a true man, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile;" one whose purposes are good, whose words are sincere, whose feelings need no disguise.

Such a trait of character as this, fitted him for eminent success in life. He would have had the very first requisite for advancement, the confidence and best wishes of good men. This, to a young man, is a tower of strength. He builds his house upon a rock, and it will stand. The cunning and the false have never a secure foundation; they build upon the sand, and if so, the proudest structure is ever tottering to its fall.

As a counterpart to this perfect transparency of character, there was in him a true generosity of heart. The finest natures are ever most liable to be perverted by ambition. The love of excellence is always strongly developed in those who have the capacities for excelling. While it is restricted to its legitimate object, an aspiration to what is noble and praiseworthy, it produces nothing but good. But it is capable of being perverted into emulation, jealousy, envy, detraction, and then it exerts the worst influence upon the character. It immediately disturbs the harmony of social life. "There arose a *strife* among them, which of them should be the greatest." Strife is ever the immediate fruit of the degeneracy of the love of excellence into mere ambition. We too often see the young poisoned by this perversion, at a very early period of life. It is this secret feeling of emulation, which is at the bottom of that love of scandal and detraction, which is such a disgrace to a Christian community. The vices, the follies or the misfortunes of others, answer the same purpose as our own virtues, talents or success, in deciding the all-important question, "which shall be the greatest." It is utterly impossible for a person, possessing this spirit, to be fair and candid. The whole tendency of his conversation will be, to display what

he possesses, and indicate what other people want. Accordingly, we too often find the young so contaminated with this feeling, that all generosity and candor of disposition are eaten out by a reckless spirit of ridicule and detraction. To this heartless propensity nothing is sacred. The weaknesses, the sorrows, the misfortunes, and even the vices of humanity, are the common subjects of merriment or contempt. Such is the universal imperfection of the human character and condition, that those who choose to indulge this disposition to ill nature, can never long want employment. No lot, no character, is perfect; and if the observer fixes his regard alone on what is displeasing, or censurable, he will, sooner or later, take pleasure in noticing nothing else. The habit of ridicule and detraction will increase on him by indulgence, till at length his whole character will become sour and misanthropic.

The young, in their desire for amusement, are not aware of the tendency of such unjust and impolitic conduct. They are not aware, that it is impossible to regard with respect, or treat with kindness, those whom we are accustomed to associate with low and degrading ideas. Their manners will become affected by their sentiments, and they will become unfeeling, disrespectful, and insolent to all. No trait of character is more

deservedly odious than this. The very bearing of such a person is a perpetual defiance to society, and is felt, especially by the defenceless and the dependent, as a continual insult. It is utterly impossible for a young man to prosper and be happy under such a load of odium as is sure to accumulate upon the insolent and presumptuous. Instead of lending him aid, there will be an unanimous desire to see him put down. His enemies will be nearly as numerous as his acquaintance; and he who has no friends, must finally come to nothing.

It would be difficult to find a young man who was more opposite to all this, than our young friend. I question whether he was ever heard to depreciate a rival, or seen to take pleasure in detailing the weaknesses or the vices of a human being. The consequence of these characteristics was, that wherever he went, he immediately conciliated the esteem and won the favor of all. All who became acquainted with him, felt themselves at home, in the society of one whom they could love as a friend and trust as a brother.

I should leave his social character imperfect, were I to omit to speak of his manners. These were dignified, gentle, considerate, obliging. They were not the result of the study of artificial rules, nor the promptings of vanity, nor the cal-

culations of selfishness. They were the free and spontaneous expression of his whole character. He always acted with propriety, because he always felt right. He treated others with respect, because he felt respect for them. He forbore to wound the sensibilities of any, because he could not do so without inflicting greater pain upon his own. He sacrificed his own convenience to that of others, because it gave him greater pleasure to please others than to please himself. He was truly courteous, not in empty compliments, which are merely lip service, but in that deference, which is really more flattering than any device of mere words. He made you feel, that good manners are nothing more than Christianity carried into little things, and made practical in the common intercourse of every day. It is merely to love our neighbors as ourselves.

But the good manners which proceed from true Christianity, have greatly the advantage of those which are dictated by policy, pride, or artificial rules. They are universal, "without partiality and without hypocrisy." The good manners of the worldly, which are studied as an accomplishment, and practised as an art, have reference only to equals or superiors. Inferiors are not taken into consideration. This very fact demonstrates, that they have their root in selfishness, and are

dictated, not by a sense of duty, nor a feeling of benevolence, nor yet a sentiment of justice, but a desire to stand well with those who can promote or obstruct our interests. The proficient in a merely worldly good breeding, is often totally forgetful, that those who are his inferiors, or dependents, have feelings as well as himself. To them he is often inconsiderate, cruel and oppressive. But that to him is no breach of good manners, for he hardly puts them in the category of humanity. But how infinitely short does this come of the requisitions of Christianity! Good manners, in the worldly sense of the term, have been possessed by some of the greatest profligates the world has ever seen. In that sense, they have been defined to be, "The art of pleasing." And does not this very definition show that it has self at the bottom of it? The art of pleasing whom? Those whose friendship may be of any service to us, or whose resentment may injure us. Their feelings must be respected, their favor must be won. But are not those whom the world places below us, possessed of human feelings too? Is not their happiness to be consulted, as well as that of those who are able to take care of themselves? In the Christian sense of the term, manners comprehend our whole intercourse with our fellow men, with all whose

happiness is affected by our bearing and conduct; and the true Christian will be more careful of the feelings of those below than those above him; they can vindicate their rights, while the other must submit in silence. Every honorable feeling in the human heart revolts at taking advantage of the weak and defenceless; yet the very definition of good manners, makes them to be, the art of pleasing those whose good will may be of service to us, while it overlooks entirely the claims of those who stand most in need of our courtesy and forbearance.

There is no word in the English language more perverted than the word gentleman. It ought to be a good word, and comprehend every thing that is honorable in principle, that is just in sentiment, that is humane in feeling, that is kind and courteous in conduct. As it is, it has become almost an epithet of contempt, for it is consistent with every thing mean and despicable. In some latitudes, it means a well dressed man, who has nothing to do. In others, it means a man who will do everything that is immoral, and then murder the man who tells him of it. In all latitudes, it is consistent with indulgence in the grossest vices, and the most palpable injustice. And well it may be; for good manners are defined to be, the art of pleasing our superiors.

The subject of our memoir was a gentleman, in the true sense of the term. He was a gentleman, because he was a Christian; not because he had trained himself to the arts of pleasing, but because he had a refined soul; not because he had studied Chesterfield, but because he had studied his bible. He was courteous to all; not more from respect to himself, than from respect to human nature in its lowliest form. What in others is too often the result of arbitrary rules, was in him the spontaneous promptings of a good heart. To him it was no effort to be kind and considerate. To have been otherwise, would have cost him more than any other sacrifice.

Such were the traits which appeared, to the writer, most prominent in the character of this most interesting young man, during his short sojourn with us, on his return from the south.

It was now May, and he had brought the spring with him thus far. It was deemed expedient that he should not travel faster than the advance of the season, or outstrip the mild breezes which are so soothing to the irritability of diseased lungs. But it was a sad sight to see the contrast between recovering nature and the invalid's decline. Every day there was a greener shade in the fields, and a more luxuriant verdure on the trees; but each day there was a deeper

paleness on the cheek, and greater feebleness in the step, of the object of our solicitude, on whom earth seemed to be smiling her last. It was a moving spectacle, to see him, day after day, while the busy and the joyous were hurrying on their way, buoyant with pleasure or eager with hope, attended by his sister, making his slow and toilsome excursions, trembling with feebleness, and inhaling with difficulty the balmiest airs that ever breathed from heaven. The doom of early death weighed like a stone upon the heart of the beholder, and the thought was forced upon the mind, that before the leaves which were then expanding had fallen, he himself would have been gathered to the tomb! He was to die, — in the very morning of his days, one who was so well fitted to adorn and to enjoy life, around whom so many fond affections clustered, in whom so many hopes were centred. It was a mystery in the dispensations of Providence, too deep for human wisdom to solve; and it sent the faith of the meek inquirer in speechless submission to the throne of "Him, who maketh clouds and thick darkness his pavilion round about."

As the weather became warmer, it was thought advisable that he should pursue his journey homeward. He accordingly left the circle of friends whose interest he had excited, sorrowful

to part with one so amiable, and sorrowful most of all with the certainty that they should see his face no more. He bore the journey home much better than could have been expected. His own spirits were excited and exhilarated by the warm welcome of his family and friends, and he seemed, for a deceitful moment, almost himself again.

I here resume the narrative of his physician.

"Henry returned to us on the 19th of May, greatly emaciated, but with more strength than I had expected to find. He met us all with his usual cheerfulness. Surrounded once more with all those so dear, new life seemed to be infused into him; but, alas! his case was totally hopeless; a large portion of his left lung was gone, while the right had already begun to sympathize. He continued to walk about the house and to ride out daily, but his strength gradually wasted. I very soon accquainted him with his state; he expressed himself perfectly resigned, and again bowed in entire "submission to the Divine will." And now it was, my dear sir, that his character began to shine forth in all its beauty.

Henry's disease, in many respects, had been from the first peculiar; you are aware that in consumption the mind of the patient is generally

impressed by a singularly illusive view of his own case, and that while the disease is making fearful ravages, and the wasting form shows how rapidly he is advancing to the grave, yet no argument will convince him of the fact; he laughs at the fears of his friends, is convinced that they are perfectly groundless, and feels every confidence that a few days, or weeks at farthest, will restore him to perfect health. This was not so with our dear invalid. From the dawn of his fatal disease he knew that it was of a serious character, and the first impulse of his meek spirit, was acquiescence in the divine will; and this view of his case never forsook him. Occasionally, indeed, he did indulge in hope, but never so clung to life as to make him forget that he was a dependent being. More than once he said to me, "for the sake of others, I could wish my life to be prolonged; but for myself, I have no other wish than to bow to the will of my Creator." Again, he was mercifully relieved from pain, and that distressing want of breath, so frequently an attendant upon this disease; he also had an unusual degree of strength until almost the last. This we all felt to be a great kindness in our Heavenly Parent. His mind also was clear, not a cloud seemed to pass over it, and he retained so much of his usual cheerfulness, that his friends

continued around him, and we were thus enabled to enjoy his society to the last.

When he first returned from the south, I had thought, from the hitherto slow progress of his disease, that he might continue with us through the summer; he so much enjoyed his morning rides, and occasionally an afternoon walk, that I could not realize he was so soon to be taken away. About the middle of June, however, he rapidly sank; the hot weather affected him greatly. It now became evident that we were soon to see his face no more. Of this, he became soon well assured himself, and began to set his house in order; he procured little mementoes for his sisters, and also for myself and others of his friends, and presented them to us with the utmost composure of mind.

During the whole of his sickness, his father or myself had been accustomed, at the close of the day, after his retirement, to read to him a portion of the New Testament, succeeded by a prayer. This exercise he always seemed greatly to enjoy. I would endeavor, my dear sir, to describe a scene that occurred at the close of one of these exercises. He desired his family might be called around him; his affectionate heart burst forth in all its glow of feeling; he raised his soul to heaven in a most energetic appeal for strength to be given

him in the approaching conflict with the king of terrors, for a blessing upon his beloved family, and that they might be sustained in the bereavement that they were about to meet with. The season was one among many, during his last days, that never will be forgotten. It was about this period that I said to him one night, "Henry, I want you to select some one of the promises that you can take with you into the eternal world." He seemed pleased with the thought, and said he would. The next day I referred to the subject. He replied immediately, as if he had been thinking much on the matter, "Yes! there is one which I think I can call my own: '*Whoso believeth in me shall never die.*'" How beautiful! and, as Dr. Dewey remarked, "nothing could be more appropriate." There was so much in his last days to cheer and comfort us, that I might fill pages with the various incidents connected therewith; but I find I must bring my remarks to a close.

Henry enjoyed, continually, the pastoral visits of Dr. Dewey. They were always refreshing to him. About this time his friend, Mr. Clapp, came on from Savannah: this was a new source of gratification to him. It was on one Sunday morning in June, that Dr. Dewey, Mr. Clapp being also present, administered to him the ordi-

nance of baptism. He expressed to me his high satisfaction at the reception of this holy rite, and I thought he seemed to say, "What now wait I for?" He continued to take his meals with the family, and to pass the day either sitting in his chair, or reclining on the sofa, until about ten days before his death. I said to him one Saturday evening, "Henry, I think you had better not go down to-morrow, you are so feeble, and the exertion is greater than you can bear." "Yes, doctor," he replied, "I would like to meet them all one Sunday more at dinner." He wished me to be present; but I thought the hour would be too sacred to be intruded upon, even by one so intimate with them as was their physician. He went down and joined them at the table with his usual cheerfulness. It was the last time; his dear father bore him back again to his room, in his arms, alas! to return no more.

From this time he rapidly failed; he reclined the greater part of the time on his bed, his mind still unrufiled. Many were the conversations I had with him on the subject of his expected change; his preparation was not that of a day, it was that of a life; and in a review of this life, his friends have every possible consolation.

On the 2d of July, he appeared sinking all day;

during the night, he wished me to remain with him, and I thought it probable he might not continue until morning; he, however, was more comfortable than I had anticipated, and in the morning somewhat revived. He continued very low during the day, and at night I again remained with him; he slept uneasily the early part of the night, and about 1 A. M. he called me to his bedside, and asked if I thought him dying. I told him I thought not, but that his hour of departure was probably not far off. I asked him if there was any thing more he wished to communicate; he said, *no;* all his worldly matters were settled. Again I begged to know of the state of his mind; I found it serene; he said he felt happy. He sank again into a tranquil sleep. About 5 A. M., again he told me he thought himself going; I found it to be so, and quickly summoned the family. And here, Rev. Sir, opened a scene that I dare not attempt to describe. To each of his sisters he had a word to say, a separate farewell; to his beloved father; to his almost adored mother, "Be comforted, dear mother, said he;" — but I will not, I dare not enter upon a description of this solemn hour. He again called me to him, and said much of kindness and affection, which my pen refuses to trace. This scene much exhausted him; he felt himself sinking

fast. And now, said he, I should like once more to join with you in prayer. With whom, I said, my dear Henry? With my father, said he, if he feels able. Through the divine aid his parent *was* enabled to kneel at the bedside of his dying child, and, with his family around him, to commit the soul of his dear boy to that God who gave it. Oh! sir, it was a solemn hour! I have witnessed many death beds, but never any thing to equal this. We all arose from kneeling around him, and stood watching his dying countenance; it spoke of perfect peace. Soon he fell asleep, to awake no more, until the trump of the great archangel shall awaken all to judgment. He spoke but a minute or two before his breath left him, and intimated to us that all was well. There was no struggle in death; his countenance soon assumed that lovely, placid look, which all who knew him loved to look upon in his days of life and health.

He remained with us for two days, as if asleep upon his couch. Kind and sympathizing friends strewed sweet flowers around him as he lay; the rose, the jasmine, and the fragrant lily, emblematic of his virtues, his purity of life and character — they faded away, but he remained lovely in death; and then they bore him away to his place of sepulture. Thus has passed away, in

the morning of life, this interesting young man, so full of promise, so well fitted to adorn society, to benefit his fellow creatures; — he has gone, but his name still lives. May his extensive circle of young friends strive to emulate his many virtues; and may his holy example be held up for their edification!

These pages, Rev. Sir, have been written amid a press of professional duties. I am sensible, that I have not done the subject justice.

With every sentiment of respect,
I am, Rev. Sir,
Your ob't serv't,
JAS. D. FITCH."

A life so beautiful, a death so calm and saintly, are no accidents, are not the results of a fortunate temperament, or a happy coincidence of external circumstances. Such a life, and such a death, could be the result of nothing short of religious principle. This was the secret spring which fed the roots of his virtues, and gave consistency, strength and symmetry to his whole character. His was no mere worldly and politic morality. It was not the honor which cometh from men, that he sought. There was an eye, that seeth in secret, which he was conscious was ever upon him, and to which he referred all his actions.

He seems early to have made, and kept the resolution, "My heart shall not reproach me, so long as I live." His nearest friends bear witness to his almost faultless conduct. The natural consequence of such a life, is a peaceful and hopeful death. "If our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God." The filial spirit ever rises up in an obedient heart, and the filial spirit is one of confidence, assurance and trust.

For the last six years of his life he was an attendant at the church of the Messiah, under the pastoral care of Dr. Dewey; and he was decidedly Unitarian in his religious opinions. He had been educated in a different faith; but examination and reflection gradually changed his views, and made them more clear and definite, and finally settled them in the doctrines respecting God and Christ, and the work of salvation, which have been entertained by some of the greatest and best men who have ever borne the Christian name. To him, at least, these views were sufficient; sufficient to secure him in the paths of holiness, to maintain warmth and constancy in his devotional feelings, to sustain him in every trial, to smooth the bed of sickness, and deprive death of its terror and its sting. He delighted in the study of the Scriptures. They were to him

a perpetual source of light and comfort. He was, for a long time, a teacher in the Sunday school attached to the church of the Messiah ; and he never spared himself in his exertions for the good of others. It is testified of him, by one who knew him best, "If there was any one trait in Henry's character stronger than another, it seems to me that it was the great desire he felt for the improvement in knowledge and virtue of all classes of men. His life was one of great purity in thought, word and deed. I look back upon it with wonder and admiration. I can see much in it worthy of imitation ; and nothing, in a moral point of view, that calls up the slightest unpleasant recollection. He seemed to possess a soul ever alive to virtue and happiness. His real enjoyments in life have been, I think more than those of most men who live to threescore years and ten. He used the world without abusing it ; and consequently, in every thing he did, and in every situation, he found true sources of enjoyment. During his sickness, his mind was tranquil and ever cheerful. He did not appear to have any slavish fears of death. His faith was unwavering, and sufficient for him in the great trial; and I never witnessed such trust, peaceful composure, and strong hope, as he exhibited in his last hours."

His had been a life, not only of duty, but devotion. Every day he read a portion of the Scriptures, and not only were his prayers offered morning and evening, but he was in the habit of lifting his thoughts to heaven as he walked the streets or strolled in the country, where nature seemed in accordance with his feelings. "When you speak of Henry in the domestic circle," writes one who knew him at home, "you need not fear to use strong language. I believe the life he lived there was more perfect, by far, than that of any one of whom I have personal knowledge."

How practical and intelligent was his faith in Christ, may be learned from a few words which fell from him soon after he had given up all hope of recovery. "How very different is my case, from what it would have been, had not Christ died and risen again!" To him, it is evident, from this speech, that "Christ had brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." And his faith in Christ had not been a merely speculative belief. That immortality, which the resurrection of Christ made sure, had shed its influence over his whole character. While his hands were engaged in his earthly duties, his heart and his affections had been in heaven.

As he drew near his end, he felt desirous of commemorating that Saviour, on whom he had

believed, according to his last request. . His hope was, that he was soon to be united to the people of God in Heaven, and he desired to commune with his visible church on earth. At his desire, that affecting ordinance of the supper was administered to him by his pastor. "It appeared to give him much consolation. When the ceremony was concluded, he exclaimed, 'Now, Lord, what wait I for?'" In this feeling of strength and refreshment, from the participation of the Lord's Supper, his experience coincided with that of the whole Christian church. By this is tested the wisdom of the whole institution. It is thus perceived to be most admirably adapted to meet and satisfy the wants of the soul. The soul, approaching the confines of the spiritual world, having bidden adieu to the things of time, desires to hold communion with the Spirit of Him, who once passed through the gloomy portal of death, and came back again to assure and comfort his friends and companions. It would sympathize with the joyful faith of the early disciples, when they ate and drank with him after his resurrection, and knew that "it was indeed the Lord."

When the writer of this has seen the power of this rite to awaken faith and hope in the bosom of the dying, he has ceased to wonder

that in ignorant ages and superstitious countries, the sacramental emblems have been carried through the streets in pompous procession, amidst kneeling and awe-struck multitudes, and thought to contain a divine and supernatural virtue. That which brings comfort in the last dark and trying hour, when all earthly consolation is powerless and mortal hope is fled, has naturally claimed and enjoyed the veneration of mankind.

As the summer advanced, he became more and more feeble, till on the fourth of July, as has before been related, his spirit was released from its wasted tenement, and departed to that better land, "where the blessed inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick." Though he was an only son and tenderly beloved, and after his departure, left a wide desolation in the hearts and the homes of his immediate friends; yet such was the saintliness of his character, such his preparation for a higher life, that there was less of sadness in his death than there is in ordinary bereavements. His presence had been a benediction, and now his memory was more precious than the presence of a multitude of unworthy sons. Death, though early, had placed its seal upon his character, and transferred him to other scenes, before his soul had become sullied by the corruptions of the

world. Even his parents were willing to restore to God such a precious gift. The feeling of bereavement was not confined to his family circle. It pervaded the whole sphere of his acquaintance. His former associates felt that they had lost a brother, one on whose friendship and fidelity they might have counted, and whose society they hoped to enjoy for many years to come.

It was their solicitude to preserve some memorial of the virtues, the endowments and acquisitions of their departed associate, which has called this memoir into existence. They wish to preserve in their own minds the moral image of their friend from oblivion and forgetfulness, to quicken their own sense of duty, and to stimulate themselves to higher and more persevering endeavors. They would make known the story of his life to those who had with him no personal acquaintance, that they may learn what may be achieved in the very morning of our earthly being, that they may feel that no period is too early to attain the blessedness of "the pure in heart, who shall see God."

These impressions of the singular purity and elevation of his character, were not confined to those whose connection with him was of long standing. Strangers were equally affected by the manner in which he bore the inevitable pros-

pect of early death, the readiness with which he submitted to the mysterious allotment of his Heavenly Father. A letter, which is here inserted, from the Rev. Mr. Clapp, of Savannah, affords a testimony that he was uniform and consistent, the same to those whom he revealed all his feelings, that he was to the most casual acquaintance. It is not often that one so young is spoken of with a commendation so hearty, and a respect so profound.

Savannah, March 12th, 1845.

Dear Sir,

I regret not having been able to reply to your favor of February, at an earlier day. I felt at once deeply interested in your commemorative enterprise, the contemplated biography of your son Henry. Most cheerfully will I contribute my impressions of his beautiful life, to the end which you and your friends have in view. So perfect a character deserves a record and a memorial. His worth, and our hearts, wherein he yet lives, claim such a testimony. It will give a new and abiding interest to his virtues and memory, and I hope, a new impulse to our good endeavors.

It was about one year ago that I first saw your son. His appearance, then, gave me apprehensions for the future. A few months confirmed

this truth. Disease had set upon him no doubtful marks, though, in common with yourself, I cherished the hope, that our milder climate might restore his health, or at least prolong his days. But, though for a time he appeared to revive under it, the disease still held its way.

He left Savannah in April. On the following June, on my arrival in New York, I saw him once more. He had greatly changed, and I felt how soon his place on earth would be vacant. Not long after, perhaps in July, I saw in the papers the announcement of his death.

My impressions of Henry's character are the same with those of his other and older friends. There was little *variableness* in him. He was cheerful, calm, mild and thoughtful, and all these he was *uniformly*. I saw him only during his illness, and I never saw him depressed; on the contrary, he seemed satisfied; not that life had lost any of its beauty or charms, or that his enjoyments of this world were not great. He was keenly alive to beautiful things, and cherished a *trust* that seemed perfectly to sustain him. He appeared to live in his affections; and, although friends and home were so dear and loved, I heard from him no regrets that he must leave them all. The Father's will he made his own; and in his surrender and submission, he found the source of

an unfailing happiness. Friendship, in his mind, had a meaning not alone on this side of death. His religion did not dream that he could lose any love by a change of worlds. Hence he was composed and hopeful, when we were so cast down and disturbed. I saw him one morning in the midst of you all—a morning that you must all remember, when he first spoke freely and plainly of his condition, and the prospect of death. *We* were sad, and *he* was cheerful. It was the last time I saw him, but the impression, which his character gave to the scene, cannot die from my memory. Religion had grown to entire resignation. This occasion, with that of the previous Sunday, when I went with your pastor, and you were all received into the visible church, are among the most deeply impressive of my life.

While in Savannah, and during the few days I afterwards spent in New-York, — in all my intercourse with Henry, — I cannot remember that I ever saw him sad. I could detect in him no sign, *apparently* he was almost unconscious, that his life was pursuing any other than the accustomed way. I have conversed with others who knew him here, especially with our friend Dr. A——, and have found but one impression of his character; it was that of great gentleness and

purity. He was the same to all. I look back to him now, and cannot imagine a discontented word or murmur to escape him, — a single instance would be so entirely inconsistent with his habitual life. The *moral* seemed to be, in him, peculiarly the ruling power. I do not mean that this part of his nature had developed, by any means, disproportionately. He seemed to have grown up harmoniously. It is seldom that we find symmetry and completeness. Men are apt to have *prominent* qualities — they are religious, or intellectual; but how rarely do we meet a man in whom the *whole* being is trained, and no single feature or excellence will describe him! My impression of Henry is, that he possessed a harmonious character. He had not so much *strong points*, as strength upon the whole; — he was well balanced. His was not a striking character — not one to attract at first sight — he was too modest; but one that would win its way, and grow upon you more and more. He was too mild to dazzle. He was attractive — one to be loved. He reflected the image of Jesus, and breathed his beautiful spirit. In his departure, we hear the angel voice crying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

I have poorly complied with your request. I did not know where to stop. Do write to me

again, and give my kindest remembrances to all your family.

Yours sincerely, and with many affectionate prayers, D. C.

With this account agrees most perfectly the eulogy bestowed upon him by his own pastor, shortly after his decease: "I think I never was acquainted with a young man, who seemed more perfectly to secure the esteem of those who knew him. His unbounded benevolence, his love toward the whole human race, his sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings of his fellow creatures, were touching traits in one so young; and what striking evidence of them did he give in that request to his father, that 'out of the little he should leave, a portion might be given for the relief of aged and infirm colored persons, such as may be too old to provide for themselves.' What point of human need more demanding attention, more likely to be forgotten? Even more touching, if possible, was that other bequest, of one sick and suffering; 'Dear father, take this sum, and see if you can find any poor, suffering being, sick and in prison; and if so, relieve him with it.' Of his calm, sweet and grateful nature, of his tender feeling for all ministrations, whether to the body's comfort or the spirit's wants, of his

religious thoughts and purposes before he was ill, I myself have seen many proofs. His religious feelings were full at once of modesty and submission. His death was a fit and gracious close of such a life."

At the next meeting of the Metropolitan Association, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in the dispensation of his providence, to remove from among us our late fellow member and beloved friend, Henry A. Ingalls, whose connection with this Association dates from its foundation, and whose memory is so intimately associated with the history of the same: therefore,

Resolved, That in this sad bereavement, we mourn the loss of one, whose kindness, intelligence, knowledge, and experience, endeared him to all who knew him, and made him one of the brightest ornaments of this Association.

Resolved, That in his loss, we not only lose one endeared to all and every one of us by his many noble qualities, but the efficient aid of his clear and comprehensive mind, and active spirit; and above all, we lament the loss of the bright example of his ever courteous, kind and consistent conduct.

Resolved, That in referring to the past, and retracing the history of this Association, we find his name foremost in the promotion of its welfare, the prosecution of truth, and the practice of every Christian and civic virtue; and that, therefore, we cherish his memory with feelings of gratitude, commensurate with his deserts.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the bereaved relatives of our late much loved associate, and hereby tender to them the Association's deep-felt sympathies, in the grief occasioned by the demise of their estimable son and brother.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions (signed by the officers and members of this Association) be transmitted to the father of the deceased; and another copy be entered at length with the minutes of the Association, as lasting proofs of the high estimation in which the departed was held by this body.

May much of his spirit rest upon the associates he has left behind! May they emulate those virtues they knew so well how to appreciate in him! May they be prepared, when called to follow him, to meet his pure spirit in a better world!

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

WRITINGS

OF

HENRY AUGUSTUS INGALLS.

SELECTIONS.

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION, MARCH 29, 1841.

It has long been customary for associations, having for their object some permanent good, to celebrate, from year to year, the day on which they were formed into bodies, that they may thus bring before them a livelier remembrance of their first object, and of the benefits resulting from it. These anniversaries are beneficial, inasmuch as it is ever well to contemplate that which is good. At those periods, the mind recurs to the past, traces its events and circumstances, and more naturally ponders over them, than at any other time; for, then rise up and present themselves to the view, the various scenes that have called forth the energies of the mind, displayed the disposition, and drawn testimonials that serve to endear us to our companions in the warmest ties of friendship and grateful remembrance. Thus is it that we, believing the object of *our* associ-

ating together a good and important one, have assembled here this evening, to celebrate the anniversary of our formation into a society; to revive our recollections of the events that form its history during the past year; and to gather from them new energies, with which to mark our course for the future.

It is well, I have said, to contemplate that which is good. What greater benefit than that which tends to enlarge the conceptions of the mind, and cultivate the intellectual faculties? The passions implanted in man are moderated or strengthened by education, which gives to him clearer perceptions of those habits which are baneful in their influence; sets in a clearer light their pernicious effects; softens the asperities of his nature; and renders virtue only truly attractive. Knowledge gives to him who possesses it, a superiority over the uneducated, not to be acquired by any other quality; power may command the bodily faculties, but can have little influence over the mind; for one is the gift of men, the other an emanation from the Supreme Being; and to none ,but him will it bow, or the brighter qualities of that same emanation will it reverence.

When we contemplate man's capacities, we are filled with wonder and astonishment at their seeming boundlessness, and we cannot but feel

that there are higher duties imposed upon him than those that merely bid him gain a subsistence and live; that there are social qualities to be cultivated, moral obligations to be performed, independent of these. Were we confined, in our enjoyment of life, to passions strictly sensual, we had need to have been endowed, by the universal Creator, with but comparatively few of the qualities we now possess, to be enabled to enjoy it to its full extent; we had then, no need of the higher and holier impulses of our nature; we had then, no need of those noble sentiments,— those pure aspirations, — which now form so great a part of the character of man. These would have been of but little use. The mind, then, if indeed man could be said to possess mind, had need to be but little above the instinct of the brute — its object scarce superior — to satiate its passions. It need have no higher range than to tell its possessor when the storm approached, bid him shelter himself from its beatings, or winter's piercing cold, without telling him also, that in that storm, there is something more than the mere howling of winds, and the falling of rain drops; that there is something more in winter than its snows and chills. His object would have been accomplished in avoiding its fury, and further than that he need not go; there need

arise in his mind no questions concerning the cause of these things — no questions to enlighten his ignorance of them; but he might well view these, and all that surrounded him, with a passive indifference, regarding them as only the results of fate or accident. How inferior would have been our destiny, had we been created such beings! But we are endowed with nobler feelings, and we know that we are something more than flesh and blood, governed by the impulse of the moment; for there is within us a never-satiated longing for something better; we are not content to *but* live, glut our animal appetites, and die. *Thus* is it with the brute creation; but there is an ever restless spirit within, seeking for something good, searching for greater knowledge; for in that good lies, in a great degree, our happiness; and shall the divine spirit which breathes throughout us rest content with an inferiority of knowledge, when it may soar high, — when assurance is given that it is kindred with celestial spirits?

In view of association with those spirits, do we not owe it to ourselves to make every exertion to enlighten the mind, that it may indeed be like them? We die — the spirit takes its flight to another sphere; and there shall that knowledge, which was unacquired here, be sud-

denly diffused, and all minds, all intellects, be made alike ? Shall he, who neglected to improve his faculties here, there be made equal with a Newton, a Franklin, with those whose lives were spent in search of light ? We cannot suppose so ; mind is ever the same.

" The end of life is but the beginning of a new existence." How much more probable then, that there, as here, we shall continue in the search of knowledge ; and he who has here made the farthest advance in its attainment, will there enjoy so great an advance in its heavenly pursuit. Is not here a reason for the utmost exertion to enlighten the mind ? We live not for the present, we study not for the present ; for though

> " Art is long, yet time is fleeting ;
> And our hearts, though stout and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

The future is before us ; and though for a short time the present may fill our minds ; though manhood appears rife with bright visions ; still, the thought will have place, there is a future beyond this — there is a future beyond age — a future beyond the grave.

The mind that is uncultivated, that has been unaccustomed to reading, can enjoy but compar-

atively few of the real charms of life; for though dissipation may so dull the senses that they shall apparently know no care, yet its pleasures are short-lived; and though other enjoyments may divert for a while, yet they are such as the mind can soon be satiated with. But the thoughts and ideas gained from study are pleasing companions at all times — never tiresome; for though the eye may grow weary, and seek, at times, other enjoyments than the printed page, the impressions gleaned from those pages are carried with it, and impart to every innocent amusement an additional zest and charm. Poetry, with its beautiful and expressive images; Philosophy, with its sublime ideas and elevated range of thought; are never lost on him whose mind has been refined by their study; for the little occurrences of life which, to others, would be but as dull matters of fact, are, to such an one, never-failing sources of amusement and instruction. Perhaps, one of the most striking beneficial results of a liberal education, is its effects upon the disposition. With enlarged views of humanity, it becomes gentle; and benevolence towards all forms the distinguishing mark of the character. Violent resentment, dark revenge, can find little place to act within it; but love, sympathy, and a noble generosity, are its beautiful traits.

How many are there to whom life is all a mystery! who live and labor, yet can scarce tell why; who scarce know any other purpose of life, than life itself; to whom the future is a dark void, with which they have but little to do; who only know the present, or if they do perchance think of the future, think of it only with fear and distrust, and soon, unable to pierce through its shadowy veil, shrink back again from its contemplation with dismay, as promising but little for them! To those unacquainted with the world's progress, with man's high qualities and powers, to whom life is but a chapter of accidents, how drear must that future appear! But to the enlightened mind, who, in life's journey, has one great object in view, to which all others are subservient, how different! These can view it with pleasure and confidence, as, with the experience of the past, giving them better opportunities of doing good and of perfecting the end of their lives. We live for some great purpose: we cannot be placed here, surrounded as we are, without something having been designed for us to accomplish; all analogy would contradict the supposition; all things else perform their various parts, accomplish their respective purposes. And can it be that man only is placed here with all *his* resources at his command, in the midst of

beauty, with no end for *him* to accomplish? It cannot be; and, as I understand it, it is the object of all education, of all knowledge, to enable him the better to understand and appreciate this end of life, and point to him the method of attaining it. This, one of the objects of our institution, is to give to its members greater opportunities of acquiring that education, that knowledge so important.

It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to many of those who have favored us with their presence this evening, to know something of our history as a society.

Our association was established in March last, (1840,) by those whose daily avocations were such as to deprive them of that time for pursuing those studies which they deemed necessary to prepare them to enter upon scenes, where it will one day be their duty to take an active part, and to enable them the better to appreciate and enjoy the powers with which they are endowed by the Creator; or, in the language of the preamble to the constitution of the association, "the subscribers, young men of the city of New-York, being desirous of extending their knowledge, and of promoting a spirit of inquiry on useful subjects, have, for this purpose, formed themselves into a society, that they may thereby the more

effectually promote this desirable object, by means of essays, debates, or in whatever other manner may be deemed most beneficial." These — the objects of our association, and the method of attaining them.

Our history contains no important or striking events for the general observer; we have sent forth no bright stars to illuminate and astonish the world; but what light there was at first, has been, and we hope may continue, gradually, if silently, to increase, till, though it may not be the beacon to guide the great mass of mankind, it may not be without its benefits in the sphere within which it may be called to act; (for he who possesses information may not confine it under a bushel, as it were, but it will become a source of amusement and reflection to himself not only, but to others with whom he may associate, and to whom he may impart it.)

* * * * * *

In our endeavors, we are not confined to debates and essays, but those means are adopted "which may be deemed most beneficial" to us; and we have therefore adopted, in connection with them, readings from different authors; recitations, which tend to promote a graceful flow of words, combined with beauty of delivery, and which, being generally extracts from the best

poets, and writers of prose, make known not a few of their brightest and best ideas ; — a magazine also, read weekly, composed of short original essays, by the members ; an institution, evidently most beneficial ; for the reflection necessarily required to produce a good essay, tends to strengthen and cultivate the mind. Soon, to these means of improvement, will be added those afforded by the establishment of a library, which will not only yield instruction, but, also, in the language of those who first recommended it, " a species of amusement, not transitory, and affecting the sensual passions for the moment only, but lasting," and which shall indeed be a treasure more precious to the mind than gold or silver — " a well-spring " of life and hope ; for, when riches shall have failed to charm ; when sickness, sorrow, or distress, shall find no pleasure in them ; then the mind shall dwell with delight on the thoughts gained from those books ; when those, thought friends, neglect and turn coldly away, these shall never refuse their aid and counsel in soothing sorrow, affording amusement, or refreshing the spirits. Though otherwise the world be cold and desolate, the mind that has once learned to delight in study, shall never be lonely, but shall find in it companions that will afford pure and unalloyed enjoyment. " We are born," says

Locke, in his 'Essay on the Understanding,' "with faculties and powers capable of almost any thing; such, at least, as would carry us farther than can easily be imagined; but it is only the *exercise* of those powers which gives us skill and ability in any thing, and carries us towards perfection." And one of the chief benefits of associations like ours, is *the better opportunities* they grant to their members of *exercising* those powers: in debates, where are called forth both grace of action and force of thought; in essays, which require qualities that constitute the free and easy writer; recitations which strengthen the memory, and store the mind with beautiful thoughts and images.

What a sublime subject for contemplation is the history of the past! How many strange scenes does it present to us! As we trace the progress of the world, we see nations born, cities springing up, empires founded, and works of art built. Time passes on — no vestige of them remains — its progress has been one continued series of revolutions and changes.

* * * * * *

Yet, amid all the ravages of time, and all its changes, there is that which has ever survived them, and to which they have been but as the refiner's fire, from which it has issued each suc-

ceeding revolution, purer and brighter than before; they have served forcibly to show, that "the eternal years of God" do indeed belong to *truth*. All the past has been as a great teacher of wisdom, developing new principles, each generation preparing the way for the succeeding one.

What changes have been wrought in our *own* country! How different were its scenes a few centuries since! Where once forests "reared their lofty heads" in undisturbed grandeur, noble cities now are seen; the streams whose smooth surfaces were only disturbed by the ripple of the solitary skiff of the hunter, containing, perchance, the scanty fruits of a weary chase, now bear on their bosom the proud vessels of the white man, laden with earth's richest produce; where the ground lay waste, and the Indian roamed in ignorance, whose highest name was to be known as the best huntsman, or most terrible warrior, those now reside, who have made the "desert to blossom as the rose;" who are spreading abroad the principles of light and science to all parts of the globe; and who, instead of striving to acquire the name of most mighty in war, endeavor to gain that of most benevolent, and diffuser of most happiness among men. How quickly, and how seemingly strangely, have the aborigines of our

country passed away! Of the many nations who once occupied our vast extent of territory, how very few remain! How many have entirely disappeared from the face of the earth! Can it be lamented, that it is so? Though *they* have disappeared, the places they occupied have become the theatre for the achievement of the "first great act" in the history of the reformation of the government of the world; a part they could not have accomplished. Their position in the world was such, as scarce exercised any influence over its important affairs; scarce capable of improving themselves, how could they carry out the great principles of political and social reformation? However the philanthropist might have wished a better fate for them, when he reflects on the great principles that have been illustrated and carried out, in the places of their savage government; principles so important to mankind, and which are diffusing themselves throughout every clime, to every shore; he cannot but rejoice that they have gone, even as they have; but joy shall not be confined to a few, as those principles progress. Each spot, as it receives them, shall take up the shout, that sounds so joyfully in our own country, and nations shall add their voices, till *all* Europe, Asia, Africa, the extremities of the western continent, the islands of the ocean, shall

join in one universal chorus, to attest their excellence; and the names of Columbus, the pilgrim fathers, Washington and Jefferson, resound from every hill and valley — be graven on every heart! Here has been established, by their aid and influence, a government founded on more liberal principles than any that ever before existed; a government dependent, not on the desires of the few, but on the will of the majority. How important, then, that that majority should consist of enlightened persons, who could not only *know*, but *appreciate* and *maintain* their rights. The stability of our institutions, it is believed, depends on this. And here let me ask, may not associations of young men like ours, having for their object the diffusion of that knowledge, on which it depends, become one day, one of the most important aids in contributing to that stability?

Time is rolling on, and of what shall future history consist? Shall it, like that of the past, be a history of revolutions effected in blood! Let us hope that a new era *has* arrived, and that instead of such recitals, it shall consist of records of the overthrow, — not of nations, but of false prejudices, both political and moral; — of the progress of intellectual improvement, and the appreciation of mind throughout the world. In

this new era, each individual person has his important part to perform, for individuals compose the mass; and may *we* hope that, amidst the various influences which are operating together to establish it, by associating ourselves together, the better to promote our "mutual improvement," * *our influence*, however small, may not be *entirely* lost; and that, at some future period, as we look back upon the events of our lives, we may rejoice in the reflection, *our* part was not left undone?

* Motto of the Association.

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION, MARCH 27, 1843.

In one of the racy "Letters from under a bridge," the writer, after decribing to his friend the manner in which he had been passing an hour, "falls to wondering," to use his words, "whether the hour of which he has given the picture, was a fitting link in a wise man's destiny."

"The day," he continues, "was one to give birth to great resolves, bright, elastic, and genial; such air and sunshine, I thought, should overtake one in some labor of philanthropy, in some sacrifice for friend or country, or in the glow of some noble composition."

Another cycle is now finished in the history of the Association that meets you here this evening, and it is about entering upon the fourth year of its existence; and at such a time, and on such an occasion, it may not, perhaps, be unmeet, that we also should, in a similiar spirit with the above, "fall to wondering" whether the hours we have spent in the Association have been fitting links in the chain of life.

The history of the Association during the past three years presents little, it may be, that would appear important or interesting to a mere observer; true, there has emanated nothing from the Association, which, thundering loud in its ear, has startled the public, and given, for a while, food to all the thousand tongues of rumor; but there has been a by-life, quiet perhaps, far from uninteresting, or even unimportant, to those concerned in it.

The progress of such societies is not dissimilar to that of individual life. Ardent at first, surrounded by many friends, warm and hopeful as himself, man commences his career with prospects that seem to brighten ever as he contemplates them; his visions are gay, illumined by the sunshine of the imagination. As he moves on with the rapid flight of years, one by one those who started with him he sees dropping away, some to the grave, some to dwell in distant places; as he nears the scene, at the noon of life, the view of which in the distance was so charming, the exaggerations of the morning mist disappear, and only reality is there; not without beauty, but *less* beautiful. The loss of friends, and the absence of his former excited imagination; the formation of new friendships, which have but little of the warmth of earlier ones, have

calmed and sobered the feelings, though the energies, mental and moral, are strengthened and matured in this struggle. So with societies — many ardent spirits form their first meetings; all is enthusiasm; months or perhaps years roll along, and as they pass, faces that were wont to shed an additional beam of life and happiness at each gathering, are seen no longer; voices that were accustomed to sound in the ear with pleasant words, as they endeavored to promote the objects of their association, by earnest participation in its exercises, are heard no more; the places of those who owned them, become one after another vacant; or, as the weeks flow on, are filled by others, who again, as they become familiar, drop away, some forced by the strong hand of death, others by the ordinary changes of life. Yet, amid these changes, the institutions, as such, become more firmly settled; and though there be missed, in some, the enthusiasm of their first meetings, this is succeeded by the stronger and more enduring energies of greater experience and deeper convictions.

Our Association was formed by those who, to use their own language, "were desirous of extending their knowledge, and of promoting a spirit of inquiry on useful subjects," by means of debates, essays, or in whatever other manner might

be deemed most beneficial. The plan of debates and essays first adopted has since been adhered to, varied, at stated times, with readings from different authors, recitations, and familiar colloquial discussions, in the place of formal debates.

Those who instituted the society were sanguine in their expectations; they hoped much from their exertions; those hopes have, perhaps, been more than realized; they did not extend, like those of the ambitious politician, over vast tracts, embracing at once thousands of people, but were confined more to the influence their meetings might have over individuals; over the character of those who would compose its number. Nor, it is hoped, did they over-estimate that influence; of the many who have belonged, and still belong to it, there are none, probably, who will not acknowledge that there reached them from it, some good influences.

There is much in our nature that requires such or similar associations. As a social being, man feels the want of some common object, the pursuit of which will unite him to his fellow man; the collected energies carry each individual farther than he himself would have gone alone. To most men, perhaps, this want is satisfied by the ordinary business of life, the different branches of that business depending, as they do, upon each

other, the prosperity of the individual on that of the whole; by the interest taken in those political questions in which all are equally concerned, or by their sympathies with their families, and the friendly intercourse of family with family.

Though one may, solitary and alone, pursue literary studies with ardor, yet, being solitary, he is much more easily diverted from them than he would be if incited by the thought that there are others striving with him; or that while he studies for his own immediate, personal advantage, there are those who, encouraged and stimulated by his efforts, and beholding his success, will be also benefited by the results. Thus the ardent are encouraged by each other's endeavors, and perhaps excited, also, by a spirit of emulation, while the influence these exert over the otherwise indifferent, is not slight; for few things strike the mind and draw admiration sooner than superior mental qualifications; and there springs up in nearly every beholder, on witnessing the display of them, either regret that he does not possess like powers, or a strong *desire* to possess them. Sympathy is almost always strong for the cultivated mind, if that mind has not been false to itself, and allowed its possessor to fall from the high pedestal on which he stood.

That the cultivating the mental faculties of

a single person, is no unimportant thing, few will deny; then, the centering the energies of many to this object, that they may pursue it to their mutual advantage, it must be admitted, is still more desirable.

As sources of pleasure, also, to those engaged in them, such associations are desirable. The pleasures resulting from the pursuit of the object which unites them, are not, like ordinary ones, soon exhausted, worn out, but increase with every effort; they grow within themselves; and sufficient to themselves, they need not other continually new extraordinary excitements to prevent them from palling or satiating the desires.

But independent of these pleasures, there are others proceeding from mere intellectual association itself; from the familiar intercourse of member with member, and the friendships thus formed. How many pleasant remembrances are connected with the meetings of those who, three years ago this night, gathered together for the first time to consult upon some plan of action! They were nearly all strangers to each other then; but, with a common high object in view, how soon friends! Many of those are now separated from the society, but pleasing associations linger around the memory of them; and they, doubtless, wherever they wander, sometimes glad-

ly call to mind many of the hours spent in those meetings, and own their influence was good. Of some, the memory of them is all that remains; for each year has the "summons come to one from among us," — to join

> "Th' innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death."

Yet of these it may not be out of place to add, they went not

> "Like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approached the grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

But no, their memory is *not all* that remains; there is still the influence of their words and example.

The exact extent of the effect produced on individual character by associations like ours, cannot, it is true, be calculated; but we may be able to trace it sufficiently far, to ascertain, that among the influences which affect the character, they hold no unimportant rank.

However often some may repeat, that man is the creature of mere circumstances, blown this or that way by the breath of every accident, a little thought will show, that he is not this mere

bubble, the sport of the winds or waters; that his character, especially, does not change with every accident; that there is in every soul a deep principle, a living motive power independent of these; that there are energies pertaining to the soul *as* soul, to man *as* man, which, however they may be modified by outward things, yet exist in a strength, which, when fully developed and exerted, no accidental circumstances can wholly withstand or overthrow — for no two persons, when placed under the same external circumstances and influences, will yield the same results. Yet, that circumstances do have a great modifying influence over the development of those energies; and indeed, over the innate qualities, by which the character is formed, cannot be denied. The progress of the soul is often compared to that of a stream. From the moment when it issues from the hill side, it is hurried forward, as the soul to its final destiny, to the ocean, where, with a thousand others, it is swallowed up in its depths. Its direction near its source is easily changed; new channels may be cut for it, or impediments thrown in its way, that may turn it hither or thither; still, it must *flow on*, or, if for awhile it be arrested in its progress, it is but that it may gather new strength to break its bonds, and flow with an increased impetuosity.

The farther from its source it goes, the greater the number of tributaries it receives to swell it, and hasten it in its progress; the deeper is the channel it *cuts for itself*, and the more difficult is it to alter its course, until, at last, it becomes a mighty stream, defying all attempts to control it.

So with the progress of those innate qualities, mental and moral, by which the character of man is formed. At first weak, they may be easily guided; but, gathering strength with time, from *within themselves*, as well as from without, they mark at last their own course.

The first influences which affect the character are the circumstances of early childhood — the home where one lives — the place, the scenery which surrounds it — the situation. This last is perhaps a minor influence, yet not without its permanent effects. There is little in the narrow confined streets of the city, in its overloaded atmosphere, to suggest such ideas of freedom of spirit, or manliness of character, as are encouraged by the wide, boundless fields of nature; there is little in the harsh, grating sounds of paved streets, or hoarse shouts of angry and dissipated men, which has that gentle, soothing influence exerted by almost every sound that meets the ear from nature's murmurs, or rural occupa-

tions. In the city the eye finds little of that beauty to dwell upon, in irregular lines of red and yellow buildings, dingy and dark with dust and smoke, which, in the country, is drunk in from all around, — green meadows and extended fields, from forests with trees of every hue, or mountains that, with softened tints, melt away in the distance. There, the wide landscape, the absence of all petty restraints, the free air, all breathe of freedom and energy of character; while the tones from all around, from the rippling stream, the rustling leaves, the singing bird, the beauty of all, the sweet scents that load every breath of air, — have a softening and refining influence; they tend to bring out the better feelings of our nature. "To encourage the instinctive taste of the young for the beauty and sublimity of nature," says Alison, "is to provide them, amid all the agitations and trials of society, with one gentle and unreproaching friend, whose voice is ever in alliance with goodness and virtue," and which, when once understood, is able both to soothe misfortune and to reclaim from folly. It is to identify them with the happiness of that nature to which they belong; to give them an interest in every species of being which surrounds them; and, amid the hours of curiosity and delight, to awaken those latent feelings of benevo-

lence and of sympathy, from which all the moral or intellectual greatness of man finally arises. It is to lay the foundation of an early and manly piety, amid the magnificent system of material signs in which they reside, to give them the mighty key which can interpret them, and to make them look upon the universe which they inhabit, not as the abode only of human cares, or human joys, but as the temple of the living God, in which praise is due, and where service is to be performed."

True, bad passions may linger there, and grow in the heart, but they find no sympathy in nature's beauties; and if external scenery or circumstances could banish them, they would be banished.

But these, great as their influence may be, are less important in the results than the home that dwells among them; no outward circumstances have that effect in the formation of the character which follows from the teachings of home. Home is where the passions and tastes first develope themselves, and there they receive their first direction. If, then, bad passions are not checked or corrected, or if they are encouraged and aided, almost all other influences will avail but little to their correction; till, at last, taking deep root, they listen to no voice but the whis-

perings of their own desires and inclinations. On the contrary, let the better impulses of our nature be fostered and cherished by home associations; by its pure, fire-side enjoyments, and friendly sympathies; let them be strengthened by culture, and the planting of deep-settled convictions; let them grow with time, and no after circumstances shall supplant them.

There are some, indeed, who, amid the best influences of home and long continued — seem not to yield to them, but to surrender themselves to passion, and almost all that is evil; but even these, bad as they sometimes are, *under* these influences, *without* them would have been, probably, still worse. Again, there are some who, amid apparently every possible combination of evil, come from them pure, and confirmed in every good principle. These show that character is not the result of external influences *alone.*

May we not see in the calm, meditative tone of Bryant's poetry, in the beauty and truthfulness of his descriptions of natural scenery, and the tenor of his reflections over them, some of the influences of the circumstances of his early life? In the gentle spirit, and lofty tone of thought, that pervade all his poetry; in the purity of its moral teachings and its noble truths; have we not a visible evidence of his sympathies with na-

ture, and the depth to which her feelings sunk in his heart, as well as the debt he owes to those from whom his thoughts received their first direction; or, who strengthened and confirmed, by their judicious culture, his high aspirations?

The extremes of wealth or poverty have generally a modifying influence in the formation of the character — the one by cramping the energies in denying those things necessary to their full development, the other by too often taking away the will to bring them out in their full force; though there are some, who, stimulated, perhaps, by the noble example and wholesome teachings of a parent, have permitted neither the barriers, and oftentimes vicious associations of the one, nor the enfeebling luxuries of the other, to hinder the full expression of their better impulses.

When one has grown up with every good principle strengthened by habit, and by the influences of pure associations, no after vicissitudes of wealth or poverty, or separation from friends or country, can destroy the character thus formed.

The friendships formed in youth rank next, perhaps, to the influences of home, in either forming new traits of character, or altering or confirming those already springing up.

We are attached to our friends, because we

sympathize with them ; we like their habits, their principles of action ; and, liking these, we naturally copy them, and incorporate their sentiments with our own. Our amusements are not solitary ones ; but as we are social beings, our greatest pleasures are those afforded by a familiar intercourse with our friends : and the tastes and sentiments acquired from this intercourse, have either a refining and elevating tendency, or an influence of the reverse character.

Literary associations, like our own, combine several influences. The friendships formed in them, are often of a most pleasing nature ; for, as the object for which they are formed, the "mutual improvement" of their members, is a high one, it is not calculated to bring together for any length of time, at least, the vicious or low inclined ; while the pursuit of that object in increasing the store of knowledge, in constantly providing new and pure sources of pleasure, and thus purifying the tastes and giving a relish for those quiet enjoyments which form one of the chief charms of *home*, in bringing continually before one, for study and contemplation, elevated standards of conduct or action, cannot but have an ennobling tendency in the formation of the character.

We have thus considered, briefly indeed, some

of the influences that enter into the formation of the character, and among them the tendency of the influences exerted by literary associations. If it has been seen that those influences are good, and that they have an elevating tendency, then we may resolve the doubt or wonder, with which we commenced, by concluding that the hours which *we* have spent in such an association have *not* been "unfit links" in the chain of life.

PHILOSOPHY versus POETRY.

Are the pursuits of the philosopher more elevated than those of the poet?

Many definitions have been given of the term Philosophy, but they all tend to this one, deep knowledge. The pursuit of the philosopher is *truth*, and the objects that engross his attention in this pursuit are, God, Nature, and Man. Of the first, than the contemplation of the attributes of that being from whom all life and energy flow —from whom we derive all those powers that elevate the man above the brute—who has spread around and invested with a sacred charm, all that is beautiful and noble — what can be more elevating? That can only be elevating which tends to raise the mind and give to it purity, and dignify the character; and what more so than this? As the infinite Being is only studied with pure and high thoughts, so they fill the mind as it contemplates his handiwork in the beauties of nature. She presents a scene to the philosopher that can only be understood by him who has been habituated to elevated thoughts. The feast of pleasure he enjoys in gazing on nature's beau-

ties, is greater far than epicurean ever experienced; one that does not pander to the baser appetite, but engages all the nobler powers of the soul — all the sublimer attributes of the mind. He looks on them with a cold indifference, merely that he may learn how best to express their colors; but, penetrating deeper than the mere surface he gazes upon, finds food for contemplation which he only can taste. As he gazes on the works of nature, he is at once struck with their magnificence, their beauty and order, and in them sees at a glance, the character and nature of their Creator. Could a being that was not in the highest degree pure and holy, be the architect of this beautiful world? Could it be possible, that as he views the bright flowers that deck its plains and valleys, and the beauty of its verdure, that in them he could see any other than the power of one who was virtue's and purity's self? Could it be possible, that as he views the brilliant orbs that shine so bright in the heavens above us, as he traces their various paths and courses, wandering on with the utmost regularity and order, and asks himself why these things are so, that his mind could revert to any other than God himself? He considers that the same grand Being who made *them*, and guides *them* in their eternal courses, also controls the destinies of those beings

who inhabit them ; and as he reflects, that in those works nothing but harmony and purity are to be found, he inevitably draws thence a grand lesson, teaching that, as in all his other works they are prominent, so should they be the characteristic traits of *man* as well as nature. As the philosopher thus reflects, they become his distinguishing marks, and a noble dignity pervades his character. Is there nothing elevating in this ? What can be more elevating than that which, in every precept, inculcates a lesson tending to render the character dignified, and inspire the mind with noble sentiments ? But not only are these the philosopher's study : truth is his object, whether as developed in nature or man ; and whether he looks for it in the starry heavens, or in the passions that sway humanity, still is it the same ; still has it the same effect. The nature of man — the intimate, yet wonderful, connection of mind and matter — the manner in which love, hatred, fear, hope, and the various other passions influence us — are his careful study : and what nobler or more sublime study can be found on earth ? In the pursuit of an object, those means are invariably adopted for its accomplishment, that agree in their tendency with the nature of the things pursued ; so is it with the object of the philosopher's pursuit —

truth. As he seeks *it*, it tinges all his actions, and his soul and mind acquire that elevated cast only to be attained in its knowledge. I do not wish to detract from the merits of the poet; he may have some noble, some elevating points in his productions, but still they do not affect us, as do the reflections of the philosopher; they do not inspire us with such elevating sentiments, for this is not the prime object of the poet; *his* object is to please; and as this is his object, says Dr. Blair, "it is to the imagination and the passions that he addresses himself." What are the feelings with which we generally read poetry? Do we read it to gain elevating ideas, nobler conceptions of humanity, or that the mere fancy may be pleased? When we study a piece of poetry, do we feel, on arising from such study, as though our ideas were more elevated than before, — as though there were that within us which partook not of the nature of earth, but belonged to an higher and nobler region? How rarely is it that such thoughts of the nature of the mind, or lessons that all things teach, are diffused by the reading of poetry! On the contrary, there is diffused throughout the reader, a feeling of lassitude and languor, little favorable to elevating ideas. But what are the feelings with which we pursue the study of philosophy, of which, and

of Newton, the poet has used the following language:

"Philosophy, baptized
In the pure font of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and, viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *Him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches; piety has found
Friends in the friends of science; and true prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, child-like sage,
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such, too, thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna."

To the poet we go to obtain relief from the weary hour, in harmonious numbers, and measured cadences, — a momentary and short-lived pleasure. But the natural feeling with which we go to the philosopher, is to obtain those ideas which shall elevate us in the scale of humanity. Why do we pursue these different studies with these different feelings, without it is in the very nature of the one to give us those elevated and noble sentiments, and of the other, (the greater part of which consists of pleasing fantasies of the imagination,) to give mere passive pleasure, — a pleasure as well satisfied, in very many cases, by immoral recitals, as by higher themes? Who

would think of sending the inquirer for instruction in noble sentiments and elevating ideas, to Byron, rather than Abercrombie, who, in the language of another, "has exhibited philosophy as the handmaid of religion," that from which are derived all elevating principles, "and has made it manifest that all the rays of knowledge naturally converge to that one point in which is situated the throne of eternal and heavenly truth? But what, in fact, is the poet's province? Has he any real province? "The highest state of man," says the philosopher, "consists in his purity as a moral being." (Abercrombie.) Is this the style of the poet's teaching? Is this *his* aim to show? Is this the conclusion one would come to in studying poetry? He allows the muse at one time to sing of that which comes within the bounds of morality, and at another, to wander *far* from them. Now, her words flow smooth with the tender language of love, and anon launch out into the most bitter invectives of hate and jealous rage. The muse scorns not to tamper with the lowest passions, or treat lightly the *noblest* powers of the soul. The poet has not, like the philosopher, one grand point, one high aim, towards which steadily to direct his energies, but his song varies with the passions of the moment. And can it be doubted which is the

more elevating, that which adopts one steady course, the knowledge of truth, the end of all knowledge, or that which is capricious, wandering here and there without object? Poetry does not contain all that is beautiful and sublime; for, have Homer and Milton given us magnificent descriptions of the creations of their fancy? — Newton, from the simple circumstance of the falling of an apple, brought to our knowledge truths sublimer and nobler far than the highest imaginations of the poet! Call you the unnatural creations of the poet's active brain sublime? — Where, in all the range of poetry, will you find that which shall compete in grandeur and sublimity, with Franklin's idea of drawing the lightnings from the heavens, and making them conducive to the happiness of mankind? Have Thomson and others given us beautiful descriptions of the scenery of nature? — It is but one branch of the philosopher's province to study her works, and, penetrating her mysteries, and giving us new and more extended conceptions of Him who was her creator, lead the mind from "nature up to nature's God." Has the poet drawn vivid descriptions of humanity and its frailties? — Has he depicted in lively colors its dark passions? — It is for the philosopher to study them, and give us such views of them as,

instead of rendering them attractive, shall drive them from the bosom, and diffuse in their place sentiments of a higher cast, causing man to shun that which is base and low, and delight only in that which is pure, and indeed noble and elevating.

Which has conferred the greater benefit on the world, philosophy or poetry? With which would we be most willing to dispense? We would surely be unwilling to dispense with the more elevating — we would not desert the nobler for the baser; and yet, who would banish philosophy from our books, were we obliged to choose between them, and substitute in its place poetry alone? Which has most contributed to advance society to its present elevated state? Those studies are surely the more elevating which enlarge the capacities of the mind — "all that," in the language of Dick, "tend to raise our minds to the Supreme Ruler of all worlds; to expand our views of his infinite knowledge and wisdom; to excite our gratitude and our admiration of his beneficent designs; give us grander views of all that is great and good; of all that is beautiful and noble, which appears in all his arrangements. Were it not for natural philosophy, the various phenomena of nature, which we now view with delight and interest, and from the study of which

such pleasure is derived, would become objects of terror and gross superstition, while they are now viewed in the light of evidences of wisdom; and when we study them, familiar with the researches of the philosopher, we rise above the lower and baser feelings, and the heart is filled with high and pure aspirations. Were it not for the researches in moral philosophy, who could paint the scenes with which the earth would be filled? All the better feelings would be lost amid the universal wreck of mind, and we, instead of being the elevated beings we now are, would be but fit companions of those savages, into whose minds the light of science has never penetrated. Where would be the sublimity of poetry, what noble parts would it contain, were it not for philosophy? The few sublime rays it does contain, are like the fragments of the diamond, which, though pretty in themselves, yet lack the beauty of the gem itself, unbroken and unsoiled. The poet may aptly be compared to the philosopher, as the shadow to the man. The shadow gives a faint outline of man — so is it with the poet; in the meditations of his muse he gives an inkling of philosophy, touches the surface, but the vastness, the grandeur of the original is wanting.

The gentleman has labored hard, but, it appears to me, in a very unsatisfactory manner, to show that the pursuits of the poet are more elevated than those of the philosopher; for the reason, that poetry has diffused throughout the world more happiness than philosophy. On this he has rested his main argument, which, it will readily be seen, is not a *very* strong one. On what does our happiness here depend? On our relations to society, on the comforts we enjoy, and the condition of the mind itself. "One of the subordinate uses of natural philosophy," says Dick, "is to enable us to construct all those mechanical engines that facilitate human labor, increase the comforts of mankind, and tend to enlarge our views of the operations of nature." There we see it the chief instrument of our happiness. "A still higher use to which it is subservient," he continues, "is to demonstrate the wisdom and intelligence of the Great First Cause of all things; to enlarge our conceptions of the admirable contrivance and design which appear in the different departments of universal nature. In this view, it may be considered as forming a branch of *natural theology*, or, in other words, *a branch of the religion of angels, and of all other holy intelligences.*" The science of natural philosophy, of which mechanics is but a branch, has

enabled man to accomplish operations, far beyond the limits of his own physical powers. Without a knowledge of this science, the enjoyments of man, and consequently, his happiness as a social being, would be extremely limited. "In the savage state, ignorant of agriculture, manufactures, and navigation, and the other arts that depend upon this science, he is exposed, without shelter from the inclemencies of the seasons; he is unable to transport himself beyond oceans, and visit other climes and tribes of his fellow men." He exists in the desert, comfortless and unimproved; the fertile soil, over which he roams, is covered with thorns, briars, and thickets, for the haunts of beasts of prey. His enjoyments are little superior to those of the beasts, while he is much their inferior in point of agility and physical strength. But, when philosophy has demonstrated the principles of mechanics, and introduced the practice of the useful arts, "the wilderness and the solitary places are made glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose;" cities are built, and the comforts of life are rapidly spread around; and "man advances with pleasure and improvement, to the scene of his high destination." The philosopher penetrates deeper and farther than the poet; and consequently, has greater sources from which to derive

those sentiments that dignify and elevate the man. The philosopher, or "the man who takes an enlightened view of all the works and dispensations of God, and of all the circumstances and relations of subordinate beings, necessarily acquires a nobleness and liberality of mind, and an accuracy in judging of things human and divine, which no other person can possess." The very nature of the philosopher's pursuit, being more extended, and including the noblest of creations, enables him to acquire grander views, and more elevated ideas; from the very fact, that *his knowledge* is more extensive. The poet does not search deeply into natural history, into the nature of man, or any other branch of knowledge; his purpose can be accomplished without so doing. He, like the humming bird, skips from flower to flower, culling the sweets that lie on the surface; but, the richer food, that lies hidden beneath, escapes untouched by him. But the philosopher not only enjoys the external beauties; for him also is reserved the deeper treasures escaped unheeded by the poet. While the form of man, and his animal powers, apparent to the eye, and the visible effects of the mind, engross the attention of the poet; not only these, but the *nature* of that mind, *the breath of life*, and his construction, so wonderful, are the philosopher's study.

That, undoubtedly, which is wonderful, grand, noble, beautiful, has the tendency to excite in the mind high thoughts and noble ideas. Then, how elevating, how noble the study of man! The study of that being, who was made but a little lower than the angels! The study, not only of his mental powers, but their adaptation to the matter that constitutes his figure! What object calculated to induce higher strains of thought, than that delicate piece of mechanism, the eye? Man cannot so much as form one of the least of the particles of which it is constructed; how much less impart to it the light that conveys the glance of love and friendship! Or, what higher contemplation, than the immense systems of the universe, as revealed to us by the philosopher? It is such as these form *his* study, where, at every step, are revealed evidences of wisdom. While we may read the brighest effusions of the *poet* with comparative *indifference*, and *no emotion*, we *cannot* contemplate the *vast*, *boundless* field of the *philosopher*, *understandingly*, without feelings of the utmost *awe* and *veneration*.

He has laid great stress upon, and endeavored to show, that poetry is *equally* as elevating as philosophy, from the reason, as he gives it, that poetry is so intermingled with philosophy, that

there is no separating them; claiming that poetry derives its charm from philosophy, thus granting at once the superior elevation of the pursuit of philosophy. He seems to have regarded only a few specimens of poetry, or he would have found that those who derive a dignity and elevation from philosophy, form but a small speck in comparison with the vast sea of nonsensical rhyming that is floating throughout the world. If the philosophy contained in Pope's Essay on Man, gives to it such a charm; if that small particle is so beautiful to the contemplative reader, how would he be filled with admiration, could he explore the vast field existing independent of that! What were society without philosophy? We can only picture to ourselves the miserable, degraded state in which it would be, by looking at those nations where it scarcely exists.

In the savage life there exists, comparatively, no philosophy; while it is well known that the language of the Indians of our own country, and of other countries, is highly poetic — and how miserable are they! Living for centuries in the same ignorant and brutal condition, making no progress towards civilization — how was it in the dark ages, when nearly all philosophy was buried beneath the mass of barbarism and ignorance? In what a degraded state was all Europe then!

Little advance was made in refinement. Men were governed by the most barbarous laws and absurd customs; tyranny reigned triumphant; and so degraded had the people become, from their state, when Grecian and Roman science reigned throughout the vast extent of Rome's empire, that they were nearly all in a state of slavery and feudal bondage. But when the genius of Bacon lifted the veil that had hitherto enveloped philosophy in its dark folds, when knowledge diffused abroad its vivifying and ennobling rays, how rapid the advance of man, from a state of almost brutal ignorance, to dignity and nobleness! Science advanced with rapid strides; man knew and felt his worth, and dared to break the chains that made him slave, and assert his freedom, without which, alas for his dignity!

And now, since the principles of philosophy have been demonstrated and carried out in all the arts and sciences of life, how bright a contrast does society present, to its state in those dark ages! Admitting that music and oratory are derived from poetry, still I conceive that he is no farther advanced in his argument than before; for music not only "has charms to soothe the savage breast," but it is also a powerful instrument of the excited passions; and he will use it to the best advantage, whose mind, tempered by

philosophy, can discern its nature, and employ it to bring about good and benevolent effects. So also is it with the orator; the words he utters are but the result of passion, as it has been directed or calmed by the influence of study; and he is liable, if his energies are not directed aright by the gentle influence of reason, to pour forth those strains that shall stir up the lower feelings of the soul, and call its base passions into action, as to give utterance to those sentiments that shall elevate the mind. He has, throughout his argument, considered the passions as the offspring of music and oratory, forgetting the while, that such is not the case. They are but *instruments* of the passions; powerful instruments, perhaps, for good or bad, as they are directed by those whose minds are elevated or debased.

ANCIENT versus MODERN LAWS.

Our modern laws and customs, conceived in truth and wisdom, are much more conducive to public happiness than ancient laws founded in superstition, and based upon the worst passions of humanity. The laws and customs of a people form their government: and as their government is good or bad, so will peace and happiness be diffused throughout them. They are instituted to preserve the peace and just rights of the citizen; therefore, where the laws are good and properly administered, we may reasonably expect to see happy results flow from them. But the laws and customs of the ancients were such as insured to them *no* peace; on the contrary, they continually involved them in war, in which it was their whole object to make the people well versed. To this point all their customs tended. Such was the object of the laws of the oft-praised Lycurgus. There is no calamity to be dreaded by a nation so much as that of war. It not only retards the progress of national prosperity, but it causes throughout the length and breadth of a country the sorrow of broken hearts, leaving deso-

late the homes, the firesides of the former happy family, and destroying the peace of millions of human beings. Yet, in ancient governments, the daring ambition or caprice of a single individual, would often bring that dreadful scourge upon a whole country. Such was it that caused the celebrated Trojan war, which was continued to the great length of ten years. Let it not be said that this is going too far back into the annals of history; the laws at that period were scarcely framed. Eight hundred years later, what was there in their laws and customs to check the daring ambition of that scourge of the human race, Alexander, who caused the death of millions of his fellow beings, that he might be called great. At the battle of Arbela, in which the forces of Alexander engaged the Persians, the number of Persians slain was estimated at three hundred thousand. Are such sanguinary conflicts calculated to diffuse happiness throughout an empire, even though the ambition of the destroyer be satisfied? But not to Alexander alone are they to be limited. Of what does the history of ancient nations consist, but of the recitals of such occurrences? Power was the object of most of the rulers, and to attain that, no crime was too horrid for them to be guilty of; no deed too black for them to commit! Millions of lives

were offered at the shrine of their idolatry, and nations were destroyed that they might be rendered famous!

To the enjoyment of happiness, liberty and a pure religion are indispensable. But do we find these in the governments of the ancients? Far from it! The government of Rome appeared to have been founded on just principles; but soon it was found, that, although the citizens retained the name of freemen, their laws were insufficient to protect them from the tyranny of an absolute monarchy, and their government fell into the hands of those, who, regardless of their country's happiness and prosperity, only used their power to satisfy the demands of their own ambition. The happiness of the people and tranquillity of government are inseparably connected. But, on looking over the pages of history, do we there find tranquillity in the government of ancient nations? No! far from it. Their very nature forbids it. Their object was not to secure happiness to the people, but to render them a terror to surrounding nations. Their religion, instead of being the harbinger of peace and happiness, oftentimes involved them in conflicts with other people, and thus, instead of proving to them a blessing, proved a curse. The mind cannot be at rest under dark, uncertain superstitions; yet it was

these that composed their religion, and which constituted a great part of their government. It was these that often controlled the destinies of whole nations, plunging them into war, or preserving peace, as accident dictated.

Nations would resort to the oracle to listen to the wild exclamations and incoherent language of a crazy woman, — placing their reliance upon the construction the designing priest gave to her words. They had a god for almost every occupation and business of life, without whose favor it would be impossible to progress in prosperity, — and to obtain which, immense sacrifice must be offered up. The appetites of the officiating priests, who in reality constituted the gods, often brought ruin upon their devotees. Temples, magnificent beyond description, were erected to imaginary gods and goddesses, that their supposed favor might be obtained and their dreaded anger averted. Not content with giving their cattle and riches as sacrifices to the gods, often their slaves, or those whom they had conquered in war, were made the victims of their idolatrous worship, and perished by the knife or in the flames, as an offering to some tutelary deity.

Are such things consistent with human happiness? The mere recital of them is revolting to our nature; and can it be doubted that human

nature is or ever was the same? How then can we reconcile, with the idea of happiness, the disgusting scenes of the arena, the gladiatorial combats, the deadly strife between man and man, and the spectacle of the miserable struggle to escape the fangs of the wild beast, with which it was customary for monarchs to debase the minds of the people; sometimes even joining in the strife themselves, and, like the cowardly Commodus, apparently taking a pride in their degrading exploits? These were the amusements of those *happy* times, secured to them by *kind, wise laws!* And what was their effect on the people? Did they make them the refined and polished people of the present day? No! Although their manners were not as rude as those of the uncultivated wanderers of the forest, still the nobler, the finer feelings of the man, which bestow upon us our happiness, were lost to them; — their senses became blunt, from the frequent repetition of the scenes of war, and the ghastly spectacle of the arena. They were, in fact, that which is the pest of the earth, a military people, — the design of their laws was accomplished. We search the record of history in vain, to find those laws, those forms of governments, that were calculated, in their operations and their effects, to diffuse happiness throughout an empire.

We are accustomed to admire the valor of the soldiers of Greece, Sparta and Rome, and dwell with wonder on their heroic deeds, forgetting the while, that their victories are spreading desolation through the hearts of millions of beings, and adding to the distress of nations. We forget that military force is supported by oppressive and arbitrary laws. Man is in his disposition naturally peaceful, and will only resort to war when compelled. What then must have been the rigor of those laws that made the people wholly military? Let us follow the history of Rome, when she had arrived, at the price of thousands of lives, at the proud distinction of Mistress of the World; and when, if at any time, she should be most happy. We find, instead of that happiness, a misery far from it. She had been raised to her grandeur by military force; and her military power was a blind and irresistible instrument of oppression, ready at all times to obey the command of a favorite leader, whether to pillage, to destroy an enemy, or subvert the liberties of their own empire. The throne and purple robe were literally bathed in blood, and the rulers of the empire were not chosen even by the senate; but were appointed, invested with supreme power, and deposed, to make way for other favorites, as the passion or caprice of

the military dictated. The emperor, appointed by them one day, might be made the victim of their anger or revenge, the next; and ere the blood that flowed from the veins of the late assassinated ruler, be dry, another, perhaps a barbarian peasant, is elevated to the vacant throne.

Although, during the reign of Adrian and the Antonines, the Romans enjoyed peace and happiness, yet that enjoyment was transient, and depended, not so much on the laws as on the peculiar dispositions of the rulers; for under the same laws and the same government of "absolute power," the dark, unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid, inhuman Domitian, committed atrocities such as condemn them to everlasting infamy. During the reign of Gallienus, such was the discontent and unhappy state of the people, that there appeared nineteen pretenders to the purple robe and the title of emperor. These are a few of the effects of those *happy* laws that tend to make a nation soldiers! Would this be the case if the government were such as to diffuse, by its wise and beneficent laws, happiness among the people? The opponents of this view of the question may perhaps say that it is an extreme point; that this is the period when Rome began to lose her glory, and

decline. Exactly; but why should that ancient government have declined at all? Why, if the people were happy under their laws, should it not have continued in its glory until the present time, — not only retaining its glory as it then was, but gaining new laurels, and acquiring new fame; not the glory of military achievements, but that which avails a rapidly progressing, happy and peaceful nation?

Let us now turn from the contemplation of these unhappy states, to that of modern laws. In doing this, let us first view the spirit in which they were conceived and formed. In referring to modern laws and customs, I shall principally take for my example those of the United States, as being strictly modern in all their operations, and only slightly touch those of the governments of Europe; for many of them do not contain in their elements the true spirit of liberty. Yet they will bear, at the present time, comparison with their state when the people were mostly serfs or bond-men to feudal lords, and governed by a thousand petty tyrants. But to return. Our modern laws are based upon these self-evident truths, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and that to

secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." These were the unalienable rights, the framers of our constitution mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors, to sustain ; and our laws are framed with this object.

This end has been accomplished ; that peace and happiness are secured to the people, it requires no searching of the records of the historic volume to show ; but I refer you to your own experience ; to the scenes that each day meet the eye ; to the pages of every newspaper with which our country abounds. Among those laws which serve most effectually to promote our happiness, are those which secure to us the right of universal suffrage, trial by jury, and religious freedom. On the benefits of religious freedom it is unnecessary to dwell. This was one of the grand objects, to obtain which our forefathers crossed the ocean, and made the wilderness their home ; preferring to worship God in a conscientious manner, and be happy in the desert, to worshipping him as others dictated. In ancient governments, their religious and superstitious observances were closely connected with the laws, and to the ruler was often given religious supremacy. It was even customary to deify them, thus making ob-

jects of worship of men of the worst description and habits.

But our institutions are different; we worship in whatever form and manner we please, thus securing to ourselves a means of obtaining happiness. Our God is God, and our worship of him is the voluntary tribute of a grateful heart.

One of our greatest privileges and most inestimable rights, is that of universal suffrage, by which we secure to ourselves liberty, that which is of all things the most precious. Our people are here truly represented, not by life representatives, who after a time represent the people or not, as they choose; but as often as the people acquire new principles, so are they represented by their delegates. But it is unnecessary to enlarge on this. There never was among the governments of old, one where the people were so perfectly represented as they are in our own; and therefore one great cause why our laws are more conducive to public happiness than ancient laws.

There is one other feature of our present time, which it is especially needful to mention: it is that law which secures to all the benefits of education. A law more conducive to public happiness than this can scarcely be imagined.

Since our country was first settled, this has

been an object of special attention in our legislative halls. And what is the result? No other nation ever so rapidly progressed in all that tends to make a people happy and respected at home and abroad.

Commerce and the fine arts have here progressed as in no other country. It is comparatively but few years since our vast extent of territory was a trackless wilderness, inhabited by the roving Indian. It is but little more than threescore years since we became free and independent. Yet in this short time we have so rapidly advanced, that we hold no secondary rank in the scale of nations; and one of the best proofs of the happiness secured to the people by our laws, is seen in the thousands that flock here to seek under our modern laws, that happiness they cannot find under their own forms of government.

YOUTH versus MANHOOD.

It has been asserted by some one, (Gibbon, I believe,) that "the common opinion, that youth experiences more happiness than manhood, is wrong." I still hold to the old opinion, that youth is the happiest period of life; for the very nature of the circumstances of Youth and Manhood, would seem to deny the truth of his position. The young child seems to have no other resource than enjoyment, as all care is taken off its mind by the kindness of the parents; or if its fair brow is rendered gloomy by some petty occurrence, it is like a cloud for a moment intercepting the rays of the smiling sun, which scarce casts its shadow ere it is gone, and all is bright and beautiful as before. The light heart of youth never suffers sorrow long; but, ever full of buoyancy, the merry laugh soon dispels every trace of unhappiness. In the youth, almost every thing excites curiosity and wonder. To a man, even, any new discovery is a matter of happiness; how great then must be the happiness of the youth, to whom almost every object he sees or meets is a new subject for his ever-busy

thoughts to dwell on and wonder over. One of the strongest arguments I can use, perhaps, in favor of the happiness of youth, is the very construction of our frames; the various stages through which we pass, ere maturity is attained. When unhappiness and sorrow are allowed to prey even upon man, does it not injure his constitution, affect his health? If such is a *man's* every-day experience, how much more deleterious then would its effect be upon youth — him whose frame is as yet unprepared to buffet the storms of the world! But a kind providence has so ordered it, that all his works harmonize with each other. Is the constitution in youth tender, — is it less able to bear the hard, sad trials of a mature age? — it is so ordained, that those trials are light; and as the young frame requires enjoyment, and relaxation from sorrow, so is the heart created light, buoyant and happy. Another strong argument in favor of this opinion, is its universality.

Every day we hear it said that such is the case, by those whom experience has taught the sad truth. Almost every writer dwells upon the happier days of youth. As man gazes upon those revelling in the charms of youth around him, he sighs to think that he can no more be free and gay as they — that their sports no more impart a

constant charm and happiness to his soul; and as he views them, memory carries him back to those "halcyon days," when almost every breath he drew, was a draught of pleasure and happiness — when every thing was pleasing — when there was novelty in every occurrence — when, with gay, merry companions, he sported the hours away, nor scarce knew aught than delight — when the future itself was beautiful with bright visions — when, if aught of trouble cast a gloom over his soul, a kind parent was ever nigh to relieve him of his sorrows, and guide him in those paths where happiness was always found. How many tender recollections of joy are awakened in him by the sound of that name, parents! A mother, ever ready to grant his slightest wish, if it but tended to his happiness or benefit; a father, "whose favor, like clouds of spring, might lower,

> And utter now and then an awful voice,
> But had a blessing in its darkest frown;"

a smile from either of whom he would now welcome as one of the most precious of treasures. But alas! time has wrought many sad changes in its rapid flight; he has grown older, he has grown wiser, perhaps, but not a happier being — for those parents who were wont to cheer him in all his troubles and difficulties, and whose only aim

seemed to be to make him happy — with time, have also gone, and can no more aid him in his onward path. Other friends, near and dear, have also gone, who, in youth, were happy companions, and he is left almost alone of those with whom he whiled away so many pleasant hours. O! what would he not give, could he but recall them, that they might again sit side by side, and reflect each other's smiles? But no, they are gone, and therefore one cause of unhappiness. Sad impressions remain longer on the mind of man than of youth, and receive readier admittance there; for it is the natural feeling of youth to shun aught that tends to dampen its gayety, and it is thus always looking to the bright side of the picture.

The cares of man are many. His business, and the support and welfare of his family, occupy most of his attention. Perhaps it will be said, that in these consists his happiness; that these are they which give to him his enjoyment. I answer: the experience of the great majority of mankind contradicts the assertion. I know there is a pleasure, when one sits down for reflection, in knowing that he has been doing well, and that, at times, in the bosom of his family, he enjoys much pure happiness; but, think you, that his happiness at such times exceeds the hap-

piness of those by whom he is surrounded? He is happy, because they are happy, and care is taken off their minds; yet, amidst all his joy, the thought will rise to his mind, that they must soon experience the trials of the world; that they are fast attaining an age, when their lot shall be among its troubled waters; and a shade is cast over his enjoyment, as he thinks of the many disappointments they are destined to meet with in their future progress; and asks, shall these go among the upright and pure in heart, or shall their lot be among the degraded and miserable? Questions like these, which must each returning day occur to the mind of the parent, are not such as convey happiness to his soul; for happiness, in a great measure, depends on the fulfilment of our good desires, or their certainty; but here, all is uncertainty; all is doubt. Does the child have within it such a source of thoughts, that convey so little happiness to the soul? No, far from it; heedless of the future, or heeding it only to regard its bright visions, (for experience has not yet taught it that, like the *will-o'-the-wisp*, these visions recede on approaching them,) it laughs still, though the heart of the parent be heavy, yet, concealing its grief with a smile, to cheer the child in its sports. Thus is it with the parent; thus with the child; the happiness of the

one is secured, while the other is indulging in doubts and fears. But his business, independent of his family, also has its cares and troubles, giving him even much less happiness than they; and let me add, this, his business, occupies the greater portion of his time. I am not one of those who believe that perfect happiness is to be the lot of any man in this world; but believe, with Dr. Dewey, that man is formed rather to perform a *duty*, than enjoy perfect happiness — which, though most persons seek it, yet who finds? — that duty to be performed, whether it imparts happiness in the performance or not; and it oft-times happens, that it does not.

From the cares of life, from the performance of these duties, the child is, in a great measure, exempt. — Why? It has not reached an age when they may be said to belong to it, and consequently does not meet them; and the parents take its cares to themselves. To the man of an enlarged mind, I will acknowledge, there is much of pleasure to be derived from reflection, and the contemplation of works of mighty genius; but there are sad reflections to be derived from the historic page, or the books of the philosopher, as well as pleasing thoughts. To the lover of freedom, to the ardent patriot, what source of greater unhappiness than that page which records some

act destructive of his liberty, or the liberties of those bound to him by the strongest ties of sympathy? To the philanthropist, what source of greater unhappiness than that page which records the destruction of thousands by the iron arm of war, — the cruelty of some tyranny or despotism — showing at once how man can be influenced by the wild fury of his passions, to deeds of the darkest dye? These are sources of reflection far from being happy ones; for though the man of these States may, as he reads of these, thank "high heaven" that our government is not like those; still, though that may be a pleasing reflection for a moment, he will be led to review her institutions, and the state of society on which they depend, and there find many things over which to lament; he will then find that the passions which influenced men in former days, continue to influence them now, however much the show of them may be modified by time or fashion.

THE STREAM OF TENDENCIES.

Whither is the stream of tendencies? To what are we hastening? As I review the course of history, it seems to me the world is hastening to some great event; or rather, great events are taking place, or rapidly hastening to their consummation. The light of a new era seems bursting upon us, which is fast increasing to meridian splendor.

He who reflects upon the pages of history, will perceive that the world has ever been progressing; though perhaps that progress may not always have been as rapid as in the present age, in that which, both politically and morally, tends to give man his correct station: to make him know and appreciate his high destiny, and inspire him with a noble benevolence and disinterestedness. Selfishness has long been the ruling spirit in the affairs of men; but each generation, as it passes away, does and will perceive that it has less and less influence; and men will more and more, each successive age, pay regard to that command which contains within it the germs of all civilization, and is man's surest guide of conduct, "thou

shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It is the lack of the principle of universal benevolence inculcated in this command, which has been the cause of almost all the horrors recorded in the pages of history. From the earliest periods, we have seen the selfishness of governments, sometimes shown in the despotism of a single person, sometimes in that of the many. Before the Christian era, the religion of the people, their habits and dispositions, and their idolatry, directly encouraged it; since that period, it has, to the present time, been giving way, slowly indeed, to nobler convictions — though at times it would seem that better sentiments had no room in the human heart; yet each revolution, each dark age, has more clearly developed their necessity. Formerly, nations, as individuals — they appear to have been but as individuals, since the will of one person declared their action — were guided only by the impulse of the moment, as they were governed by feelings of revenge, ambition, avarice, or fear. Did a nation deem itself insulted, or did another seem to interpose between it and its base desires, war or other injury was at once determined upon by its rulers, without consulting the interests of its neighbors, any further than they might be made subservient to their own purposes; they scarce consulted their own sub-

jects further than to inquire if they were able to carry out their views. Gradually this has been, and *is* changing. The truth is becoming more and more apparent, that men *are* "created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." Men feel more and more forcibly that they have a common interest. No great event takes place, but truth is developed, brighter and brighter. The world is not now, as centuries since, enveloped in darkness. People are not now slaves to ignorance; but they have progressed in knowledge, and they demand that principles of government should be made to conform to that progress. Enlightened governments are no more to consult merely their own interest, but to learn that the interest of the people is to be their guide of conduct; that man has no natural authority over his fellow man; and that their only proper power is such as is granted them by the governed, to be exercised for their sole benefit. As we look upon the various governments of the age, do we not see that they are approaching nearer and nearer this important state? Have not France and England particularly shown it in their legislation during the past century? Have not the other governments of Europe been drawing nearer the same liberal principle? Or if they have not, has not their legislation shown

that their people are coming to the resolution that such shall be the case? If France have fortified Paris, it will prove but a weak struggle to resist that which will, sooner or later, weaken its improper power, and disrobe it of those habiliments which might better become a darker age? No! the armaments of war have no longer their former power; public opinion has become a far more potent instrument.

It is believed by men who have considered the subject, (indeed, every newspaper bears on its face the evidence,) that the present aristocratic governments of Europe must, in a great degree, if not entirely, before many centuries pass away, yield to the wishes of their subjects, and give place to forms, acknowledging the will of the majority, instead of holding all power in the hands of the few. The rulers of other countries and their subjects have long been directing their gaze towards the government of the United States; they have watched with eagerness the workings of that constitution formed upon the democratic principle of "equal rights and equal justice." More than threescore years have passed away since our government was formed; and, under its operations, the people have from time to time effected, in peace, such changes, such revolutions, as, with other nations, would have called forth

faction after faction, and host on host, in deadly strife for the supremacy. Why this difference? The one system of government places no reliance, no confidence, in the great mass; and, with the other, it is *only the confidence placed in the majority* that sustains it. Do the majority here wish a change in their laws or the administration of them, the peaceable deposite of the ballot effects that change, which, under an aristocratic system, could only be produced by appeal to arms. Subjects of other governments have watched these things with jealousy; they, not unnaturally, deem that they also are capable of governing themselves. But a few years may pass by, ere that confidence will be obtained, either by force or voluntary concession, and that aristocratic spirit give place to a more democratic benevolence; for changes must take place in the political world, corresponding to the progress of the mass in knowledge, and their appreciation of their rights. We may not, indeed, suppose these things will always be effected in blood, for I believe we have approached an age, the general spirit of which is opposed to these strifes in such entire opposition to all benevolent feelings; yet, if war be necessary to their accomplishment, war will come; — but truth will prevail; *its* march is onward. In the general progress of nations towards the

knowledge and dissemination of truth and liberal principles, the United States have, since they were formed into a government, been first and foremost. Shall they, henceforth, retain that advanced position?

HAPPINESS.

Tell me not that the grand object of man's pursuit in this world is happiness! True, it makes an excellent theory, but every day's experience proves its hollowness. Look abroad upon the world; cast your eyes upon the multitudes that throng our busy streets; each person, with a jealous disposition, regarding only himself, and jostling all others that in any manner impede his way, and tell me, if you can, that happiness is the grand search of mankind. The very nature of happiness is inconsistent with the pursuits of most men. Can his object be happiness who toils incessantly, month after month, ransacking in the most painful manner book after book, to procure that wherewith to satisfy his ambitious aspirations for fame? Can the merchant seek happiness in his life of excitement, laboring all the day long for years, alternately perplexed with fears and hopes, lest his schemes should fail, and whom the midnight lamp still finds poring over his ledgers and day-books with compressed lips and pale looks? Can happiness be the object of his pursuit, who regards not the charms

of life, heeds not the voice of friends, but, clad in filth and wretchedness, wanders through the streets, picking up whatever can be sold for a penny, and hoards the produce of this miserable toil in secret, that in secret the miser may gloat over his ill-gotten wealth? How little like happiness do we see in these! And is it not the same with all other classes, excepting, perhaps, a few solitary instances?

Now, in what does happiness consist; or what is it that confers happiness, that almost all miss it? A benevolent, contented disposition. But with whom do these rest? Who, as he looks around the world, views the habits of his friends or looks into his own heart, can answer? Who strive to be contented or benevolent truly? The politician cannot be contented until he has risen from the lowest station to the highest office, and then he is discontented because he can go no farther. The merchant is discontented because he has not money, and cannot make it so fast as he could wish. So with the miser; and so with almost all else, whatever the trade or profession. Those in power are unhappy because their power is limited; and those who have none, complain for that reason. But discontent is not the only passion that renders men unhappy, for invariably it also brings with it

envy, and thus each one looks with a jealous eye on his neighbor, deeming him more happy than himself; while, in fact, that neighbor regards him with like feelings. Were happiness truly man's pursuit, each one would strive to be content with what he has, whether of money or power. There are some, no doubt, who approach nearer to the enjoyment of happiness than others, and they are those, in my humble opinion, who have the most *vanity* in their composition.

I know that, in so writing, I am not writing exactly as very many good persons think; still I cannot help coinciding with the doctor in Ward's Fielding, "that vanity, as it reigns in the heart and controls the actions, is one of the greatest of all contributors to the happiness of men in general;" prevailing, of course, to a greater extent in some persons than in others. We can scarcely analyze an action or a saying, but we find vanity at the bottom to suggest it. Where nought would seem able to give pleasure to one, vanity will fill him with perfect, complete happiness. In the all-absorbing contemplation of himself, thoughts of the rest of the world are shut out, and thus one of the greatest sources of misery cut off: for if a vain person be not admired, he does not perceive it; or, if he do, admires himself so much the more, that it makes up for

all otherwise lost. It rarely happens that a vain person is not in good humor with all the world, and all the world likewise in good humor with him. He is well pleased with the world, because, though it should be so, he rarely perceives that it is not in good humor with him; and the world is in good humor with his vanity, because it makes amusement for it.

How shall we describe the pleasures of the vain person? He is independent, and little harassed by cares of other men of the world, whether for wealth or knowledge. Novels constitute his literature, because they require no exertion to peruse, and they are never apt to trouble one with thought. With others, the more they learn, the more they wish to learn; the more they study, the more discontented they become. Not so with him. His book is left at any time without the least inconvenience. How contented is he with his figure too! See him as he approaches. What a bright smile sits on his face, — his mouth expanded just sufficient to form a most bewitching dimple in the cheek, or expose, when he laughs, in the most captivating manner, just enough of the pearly teeth to show their beauty! When he looks in a mirror, how satisfied is he to think he is truly the "glass of fashion and the mould of form!" There is not a particle of dress

about him that he does not admire. He feels far happier when he has tied his rich cravat as it should be tied, or when he has adjusted his locks in the most becoming style, than the man of learning does when he has solved some difficult problem, or answered some abstruse question in science.

Where can be found so agreeable a personage as the vain one? Whose brow so lighted up with smiles? Who so ready to join in the merry laugh? Ah! when I have entered a room filled with ladies and gentlemen, where bashfulness or fear has confined me to my seat and tied my tongue; yet, when I wanted to make myself and others happy, how have I envied *the* vain one of the party, who going from place, kept all in a roar of laughter at his exquisite follies! How have I envied his confidence in himself! How have I wished that I could make myself so agreeable to all, that I might enjoy myself as well! Your vain person always has some little egotistical joke on hand with which to amuse you, or at least himself. See with what glistening eyes he gazes on that rose stuck in his button-hole. How they sparkle as he goes about relating the charms of the young lady who presented it to him! Was ever mortal happier than he? He is never at a loss for words or anecdotes; for if all things else fail, he will regale

you by the half hour with eulogiums on the excellent fit of his coat, or pants, or some new knot with which he has tied his cravat — showing you excellencies that you never before dreamed of. He has a thousand little nameless graces, or artless tricks, to play off, which all serve to amuse you and gratify him. What would you not give to be as pleased with yourself?

I might continue to enumerate these sources of his happiness, almost *ad infinitum ;* but observe, — watch all his manœuvres, all his motions, from his most magnificent strut through the fashionable streets, to the most careless glance he, from time to time, throws over his well-setting clothes, and tell me if of all created beings, there be one who enjoys more happiness than the vain man.

Let it not be thought, though, that the vain person is entirely free from care and unhappiness ; for it will sometimes happen that the bright polish of his boot will be sullied, and the corn on his toe a little hurt, by the unlucky tread of some unlucky wight, who minds not how he walks. He may sometimes run against some more unhappy laborer, and thus have the lustre of his coat dimmed by dust. These, I say, will sometimes provoke him a little, and disturb his equan-

imity for a time, but still his vanity soon enables him to recover himself again.

O, happy vain one — comparatively free from the sorrows of those who are only engaged in the pursuit of wealth or fame!

NOVEL READING.

Probably, far the greater portion of books read at the present day consists of novels. Such being the case, who can tell the immense influence these works have in forming the mind and character of a people! No book is ever read and understood by a person, without some impression having been left upon his mind by it, after the perusal; and as the conduct of a person has its source in the impressions existing on the mind, so is it influenced by the works that give those impressions. It is often wondered, why novels and most works of fiction are so much read, especially by the young, whose attention should be turned to works of a more substantial nature. The secret, I believe, lies in the natural feelings of sympathy implanted deep in every heart. Sympathy is the prevailing emotion of our nature, and in it nearly all the other emotions take their rise. We cannot behold our fellow beings in distress, and withhold all sympathy from them, without libelling our nature, and rendering us unworthy the great impress of a noble humanity; for, by so doing, we should abuse the most heav-

enly attribute of our being. We cannot behold the successful struggles of our fellow men in paths of honor, or their virtuous triumph over evil, without a glow of satisfaction springing up within us; and it is this sympathy extending to all, that the novelist works upon. His characters are such as enter deeply into this feeling or emotion. There is no passion deeper rooted in our nature, or with which our sympathies are stronger, than that of love; and it is this that forms the main feature of nearly all our novels. We feel an interest in the lovers, the hero and heroine, that does not extend to any of the other characters; that is, if the love be depicted, as it should be, a pure and heavenly passion, having its foundation in sympathetic virtues; if it be not thus depicted, we become disgusted with the characters, and our regard is turned to those who represent virtue as the source of their actions; and of such there must be some to render any book palatable to a mind at all refined. And this, let it be remarked in passing, is a strong proof, that there is in man an inherent love of whatever is good, since the mind, not vitiated by bad habits, revolts at the contemplation of characters entirely bad. But, our sympathies are not only given to the lovers of a novel, they also extend to other persons, as their portraits touch "some chord in unison" with

what we read in our hearts; we laugh with those who are gay, and weep with those who are sorrowful; while our indignation is stirred against those who are vicious and have bad designs.

This is illustrated in Dickens's beautiful story of the "Curiosity Shop." How strongly are our sympathies drawn towards little "Nell" and "Kit!" How has the writer made us enter into all her joys and sorrows! We weep when she weeps, or at the many trials of her gentle virtues, and we rejoice when she triumphs over danger, as though she were some dear personal friend; and as we would with such an one, I had almost said, do we finally take leave of her at the grave. The "old man," too, and the "schoolmaster," how do we pity the one, and enter into the various feelings of the other! We enjoy the eccentricities of the "glorious Apollos," equally as much as they enjoy themselves; and we feel the greatest detestation for the "dwarf," and the "Brass" family, being gratified when they meet their just deserts, and "Mrs. Quilp" is free from her terrible bondage. The impressions obtained from the perusal of the "Curiosity Shop" are most beneficial. We derive from it better views of humanity, and our love for whatever is good and pure is confirmed, while we see pictured in a strong light the evils of bad habits, and of bad,

unnatural vices. Throughout the whole work we converse, as it were, with the author; we see the impress of his mind on every page; we feel that there is in every line an appeal to the softer graces of our nature, to our love of virtue, to all our better feelings. There is no endeavor to create a laugh at an expense of the degradation of the mind; no endeavor to make vice appear alluring. The author, himself, appears to stand before us, and point out the paths of pleasantness and peace, persuading us by gentle reasoning, and beautiful examples, that enlist our warmest sympathies, to walk therein. The whole object of the work seems to be to make its readers better, to give them better views of humanity.

But, how far from having this object, are most of those novels that constitute so large a portion of our literature; and, on this score, forming as they do, in so great a degree, the character of a people, what have not novelists to answer for! The object of most writers of fiction is, to fill their pockets, and obtain a little notoriety or doubtful fame, by giving amusement; hesitating or caring little as to the kind of amusement, if it so be that their object is accomplished. Thus, books are given to the reading world, the characters in which are endowed with a cunning, a low wit, or a lax morality, deleterious to the

reader in a high degree; destroying nearly all the finer perceptions of the mind, the delicate sensibility of purity and modesty, the appreciation of the beautiful, not only in the moral, but also in the natural world, and enveloping the mind in gross sensuality.

Among this class of writers, who pander to vitiated tastes, I place Captain Marryatt, whose works have greater influence as they are more popular than those of his imitators. Possessing a knowledge of what is pleasing to a depraved relish, and captivating to a weak mind, he has set before such, characters that enlist their sympathies. In novels we are, as it were, the companions of the characters, their intimate friends, their personal attendants; ever near them and ever feeling the influence of their example. We follow them through a long series of events and years, share all their dangers and their triumphs, and continually listen to their persuasions to either what is good or wrong. They stand to us in the light of actual companions, and our sympathies are with them as such. If continual contact with the vicious, in the ordinary walks of life, will destroy the natural refinement of our nature, why may not the same consequences follow their influence in the closet, where the mind is wholly given up to them, with no exter-

nal objects to attract the attention? The same consequences to the mind *do* follow, though perhaps not with the same outward appearance. The parent may congratulate himself that his son is surrounded by none but those whose influence is good, and who will encourage him in virtuous paths; but if he, at the same time, allow him to store his mind with vicious novels, that influence is almost wholly lost, and he has little reason for congratulation. The brother may joy that a younger brother's or a sister's companions are refined in manners and gentle in character: but to what purpose, if from the library he carry to that sister or that brother, bad novels, whose influence is greater than that of their companions, as their companionship is longer and more frequent? Who would wish, through long years, to have an actual Peter Simple or a Midshipman Easy for his associate? What really virtuous mind would endure their company? Their fellowship would be a very great evil; they would lead one far, very far, from the truly honest walks of life. If, then, their company out of the closet would be so injurious, how can they otherwise than have a dangerous influence in it? One cannot, then, be too careful in the selection of the novels he allows himself to read; every page read, leaves its impression on the mind, and no

such impression is ever forgotten. These, and other considerations, and there are many others, should lead one to indulge but little in this kind of reading. The time now devoted to them by the young, and those especially just entering the period of manhood, such as generally compose our literary societies, should rather be given to the pursuit of useful knowledge — of wisdom.

The years of life have been compared to the pages of the Sybil, and wisdom to their contents. The price of knowledge, of wisdom, is patient and persevering study. If we refuse to give the price at first, and the Sybil again presents herself before us, we find she comes with fewer pages, but still the same price ; if we refuse still, when she again comes, it is yet with fewer pages, but nevertheless their contents can only be obtained at the same cost ; if we this time accept the conditions, how much do we find we have lost from not complying with them at first, when the leaves, or years of life, were many !

INFLUENCE OF CHARACTER.

How often in moments of despondency, has the thought been sighed — who am I, that I should live? — why was I formed? I have no influence over the world's affairs — why was I created? I do not mean to say that one person has as great an influence as another in this world, for persons in different situations, or pursuing different objects, will exercise a different amount of influence; but that no one is without his influence — that there are none who have no control over this world's history, its secret, if not, indeed, its written history. No one lives but to some purpose, and to accomplish this purpose he must have some influence.

The mind is ever alive to impressions, to the action of mind; and while we are animated with passions, with the power of feeling and acting, so long must we not only be alive to the influence of others, and surrounding objects and circumstances, but so long must we continue to influence. While love can breathe around its endearing charms, lighting the eye with its smile of pleasure, kindling our hearts with warm affec-

tions, and implanting within us the desire, as we have the power to please, while fierce, unholy passions can dwell within our breast, inspiring us with hate and fury, throwing around all their own poisons, so long have we the power of influencing. As long as we have the power of reasoning, and of persuading a single person to follow our designs, or desist from pursuing some object of his own, so long we exert an influence, nay, a great, important influence in this world. Men generally give to the world the color of their own minds; but that mind is often colored by the lightest tints, the most trifling things; and if by means of a word acting upon it, which has cost us neither trouble nor thought, we have persuaded its possessor from a course of action, or led him to pursue one, we have exercised an influence which, though it may seem so slight as to pass unnoted by us, even when sighing for it, yet may control the destinies of a life; and as mind and soul are eternal, of an eternity. A few words spoken by us, perhaps in jest, may contain a principle which another may adopt as the ruling motive of his life. Our careless remark of to-day, may be another's watchword to-morrow. Have we then no influence?

We cannot mingle constantly in a certain society without exercising some control over it, which

may be seen, in some degree, in the respect given to our ideas and suggestions, or in the passions stirred against us. Our greatest influence is, perhaps, over our intimate personal friends. One cannot be intimate with another, without either strengthening or changing in some degree his habits of thinking and acting; for the deference paid to opinions and persuasions is, in many cases, a test of friendship. One is continually suggesting to a friend new ideas, and guiding his thoughts in a new direction; and as, often, impressions which are once made on the mind are never afterwards obliterated therefrom, so there they ever remain, to influence it and the conduct. The character of a person can often be told (as a certain proverb indicates) by that of his companions; for he will either lead them, or they will carry him with them. Who does not feel the influence of his intimate friend? How often do we yield to the persuasions of that friend! How does the eye receive an additional gleam, emit a brighter glance, the heart beat with a quicker pulse, and a smile illumine the countenance, as he is seen approaching, telling in the strongest language his power and influence over us! We are ready to yield to him in almost all things; we scarce form an opinion, or determine upon any act without consulting him. As his

influence over us, so ours over him, or those to whom we stand in a position similar with his to us. Nor is this a transitory influence, passing away with the view of the person, but it extends through all after life ; and as the character formed from these influences is good or bad, so will be the result of its action on others. If we change the course of a single life, or confirm one in following the path he has marked out for himself, we have exercised an influence greater than can be estimated ; we may have brought to light, or crushed, a spirit whose name ages may, or might have pronounced with gratitude and love, or the bitter accents of hate and disgust. How then can we have no influence ?

Shakspeare, lolling in some cool grot on the banks of Avon, idling away in silent revery the sunny hours, may have sighed, "I have no influence," and wondered while he just breathed the sigh, for what he was created, or why he lingered on earth uselessly. But how many minds have, notwithstanding, been moulded by him, who was, perchance, first led to write by some intimate friend, or the chance remark of some random acquaintance, whose name no page of history records, though so great a benefactor of the human race. Such may have been the sad, silent thought of some young man, as he contemplated

his then position, who in after years became one of that band of pilgrims whose remembrance the generations of men, through all time, shall cherish with respect and veneration. Such may have been the murmur of Franklin, as, dissatisfied with himself, he bent over his brother's form; but of whom Lord Brougham said, at a later period, "one of the most remarkable men, certainly, of our times, as a politician, or of any age, as a philosopher, was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain; and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires."

Though I do not anticipate that any of us will ever be Shakspeares, Pilgrims, or Franklins, yet the lesson may teach us never to despond, and certainly never to be careless concerning the *kind* of influence we throw around us; for our influence for good or evil, may exceed our expectations as much as theirs exceeded their expectations. We may have no visible ascendency over the mass, or the multitudes continually passing by us; but we know that we have, in some degree, a controlling or guiding power over the personal friends and acquaintances who surround

us; and to exert that power aright, may well call into action our highest, noblest energies. To have led one mind to pursue a good path, to have roused one mind to ennobling thought and honorable action, that would otherwise have followed a sluggishly inactive course in regard to moral, mental or physical abilities, is cause for lasting joy. To have caused, either through design or carelessness, one person to follow a wrong course; to have prevented one, either by the silent, though not unfelt influence of our actions, or by persuasion, from employing profitably those faculties wherewith the Creator has endowed him, is cause for lasting sorrow.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Another year has gone by, and been added to the chronicles of time. Who can contemplate the events of the past twelve months without benefit — without feeling that his time, in very many instances, might have been spent to much greater profit to himself and the world? As we look back to its commencement, so short seems the time that has elapsed, that all its events appear but as a vision. The seasons themselves have glided away almost imperceptibly. Spring, with its first opening buds and the lively carol of birds, — the beautiful new green verdure, that was wont to greet our eyes as we wandered forth to inhale the sweetness of the fresh air, — is gone; and yet it seems but as a moment since it was here in all its beauty. Summer too, with all its loveliness, has departed. No more the sweet scent of its bright flowers, the gorgeous scenery of its landscapes, glowing in the light of a brilliant sun, the refreshing coolness of its "breezy eves," with their softened lights and shades, and the merry parties of pleasure gayly gliding upon some gently flowing stream, to the

sound of sweet music, charm our senses; but all are gone, — "the last rose of summer" has faded. Yet we know not but ample compensation for these lost treasures was found in the delights of autumn, when the earth yielded up its fruits to increase the store of the happy, provident husbandman, for many scenes of joy and pleasure did it bring to pass; and the gayeties of harvest time may well compare with those of any other season. It has also its natural beauties. What more beautiful than the countless dyes of autumn foliage? If nature throws off her bright green, it is that she may assume a richer, and a mellower color. Then, too, the Indiaan summer, — what can exceed its delights? What more beautiful than its clear blue sky, or the gorgeousness of its sunset—splendid accompaniments of the splendid drapery of earth? The close of the year leads the contemplative mind into those musings which visit it at no other period; melancholy, perhaps, yet pleasing, and inspiring the mind with those sentiments that had scarcely been entertained by it during the preceding year. Musings of the past! — what a boundless field is the past for reflection! The more the mind dwells upon it, the farther is it led. From the contemplation of events relating to ourselves, we are led from the past year to preceding years, and other persons.

Then it is we look upon the scenes of our younger days. The laugh and merry cry of those with whom we sat side by side at school, and with whom we oft chased the gay butterfly from flower to flower, roamed to pluck the first tender blossoms of sweet May, or the first fruits of summer, again dwell on our ears; but, alas! the heart echoes not to it, for the graver scenes of intervening years make us sad. We turn to trace the paths of those with whom we thus sported. Where are those once dear friends now? is the involuntary question. Who can tell? How few of those once familiar faces do we now see! New forms greet our eyes, and take the hand with apparent friendship, but few with whom we can sympathize, as we did with those friends of our earliest days. How differently do the different periods of life, youth, manhood, and old age, view the close of the year! To the youth just beginning to pour forth the treasures of his mind, another year past and gone seems but another barrier overcome that separated him from the glorious struggles of manhood, but which still reminds him that there are others yet remaining, and warns him to prepare to meet them; bright visions float across his mind, which, when manhood approaches, are found to be but delusive phantoms.

It is then in manhood, we begin to reflect over the follies of the past, perceive the errors, passion or "mad ambition" led us into, and strive to correct them, and lay out better plans for the future.

But to the old, the aged, the close of the year sends thoughts of the period, when their breath shall pass away like the sighing winds, true emblem of departing life. The "sere and yellow leaf" of autumn reminds them, that *their* "melancholy days are come," and winter's fleecy mantle reminds them of the hoary whiteness of their own heads. Memory dwells on the recollections of the past, and plans for the future are no more laid out, to be pursued with the eagerness of youth, or the determination of manhood; but thoughts retire within themselves, to meditations of the end of life.

ISABELLA THE FAIR.

It was a sweet and beautiful morn; nature was dressed in her holyday attire, and decked with opening flowers of all hues. The sun had never apparently shone so mild and bright; the sky never so blue before; the birds were pouring forth their continual strain of praise and rejoicing; all things seemed to have caught a spirit of joy and hilarity, and it would seem as if nought but joy and gratitude to the munificent bestower of the bounties, could reign in the heart of man. Yet far different were the feelings predominant in the minds of at least two persons on that beautiful morn.

The first of May was the day on which the most splendid tournament that had been witnessed for a long period, was to take place under the eye of King John. The two persons before mentioned, were Reginald de Montmorency and Philip de Barbarossa, who were this day to do battle against each other for the hand of Isabella of Anjou, otherwise Isabella the Fair. And well did she merit the appellation of "the fair;" for of the many beauties that fluttered about the

court of John, none could compare with Isabella. At an early age, she had been left an orphan; and when her father died, he left it as his will, that when his daughter became of proper age, her hand should be given to him who would wield the best lance in her behalf. In the mean time, she had grown up under the eye of an aunt, at a distance from the court, and had there been taught all the graces and acquirements peculiar to her sex and the age. She was by nature of a retired disposition, and mild and gentle in her manners; yet she held in esteem the martial exploits of the age, and it would have been very unnatural indeed, if she did not; but she also disliked this manner of disposing of her hand and heart; and of those who would probably appear at the tournament to contest for her person, she feared none so much, or dreaded their victory, as Montmorency and Barbarossa. "Should either be victorious," sighed she, "I will appeal to them as knights of honor, that I may be released from the fate that awaits me; surely, if they be men and gentlemen, they will hear me." But little did she know of either, if she thought such prayers would have effect on their hearts, hard as the mail that covered them. Montmorency and Barbarossa were reputed Europe's bravest knights, and as wielding her

best lances. They had always been rivals since either had gained for himself a reputation with his lance; each wished to conquer the other, as neither could brook a rival in arms, and their hatred of each other was intense. They had met before at a tournament, but had come away even, neither having his high reputation diminished in the least. As they were brave, so were they also proud and haughty; and holding in contempt those of less renown than themselves, thought only of meeting each other, anticipating the conquest of the rest, as a matter of course. It was on the beautiful morn I have attempted before to describe, this tournament was to take place, and the space devoted to the spectators was filled long before the hour of tilting arrived. It was on the side of a large plain, at the foot of a row of hills, on which those who could not procure seats might stand and view the conflict. On a large covered platform, surrounded by his courtiers, stood King John, most gorgeously apparelled, smiling graciously on his friends, or joining their mirth at, perchance, some trick played on one he liked not; for John, though jealous of his power, and resentful of any breach of etiquette to him at most times, yet could not always conceal his natural feelings and passions; but his laugh was not long, for he almost instantly

thought himself of his position, and resumed his stateliness of manner. Near him were those who well knew, by their flattery and obsequiousness, how to gain a monarch's favor; while at a distance stood those whose boast was, that by the sword and lance alone would they win favors,—all clad in bright dresses of shining steel and cloth of bright hues. On the opposite side of the lists was placed the fair Isabella, simply, yet richly dressed. She was the "bright particular star" that attracted all eyes, the consciousness of which made her heart beat high, and gave her a color that rivalled in beauty the rich tents of the new rose. In her actions, nevertheless, she was easy and dignified; and when she moved, moved with a grace that charmed the eyes of all that saw her. It was but for a moment she gave way to the excitement of the scene, for soon a paleness came over her brow as she thought why she was there, and into whose hands she was likely soon to fall; but recovering herself, she assumed a calm resignation to her fate. On her either hand were all the beauties of John's court, in the most costly attires that money could command, presenting altogether such a brilliant assemblage of beauty and wealth as is rarely to be seen. On each side of the royal pavilions were arranged seats for the more common people, who, in their

different attires, presented a singular-looking mass, and who were kept in order by numerous guards, who scrupled not to prick with their lances any who were riotously disposed. Altogether a glorious spectacle was presented to the eye of the beholder. Old and young mingled together promiscuously. Here might be seen an old knight, who had wielded lance in his youth bravely and stoutly, his eye glistening with delight, as he beheld the warlike preparations, and regretting that he could no longer take his wonted place in the lists; and by his side a fair boy, wishing he were old enough to be there also. There were also merry maids, laughing, smiling and chatting with their swains, all free from care, and wishing for the tilting to be commenced. The signal was given for silence, and the knights began to prepare for the lists. At the sound of the trumpet, a herald stepped forward, and during the silence that followed, proclaimed the rules of the lists, which were not to be broken under the penalty of the offender being deprived of his spurs, and incurring the severe displeasure of his majesty. These having been declared, and the accustomed *largess* bestowed on the herald and other attendants, the herald again stepped forward, and proclaimed that Don Philip de Barbarossa, Knight of the Cross and Member of the

Legion of Honor, bid defiance to all, and challenged any who might be so bold as to dispute his superiority in arms, and consequent title to the hand of the fair Isabella; and at the same time threw down his glove to any who dared take it up. Instantly a number of knights started to accept the challenge, but first and foremost was Montmorency, Knight Templar, in whose behalf the gage was accepted, and whose eyes glistened with fierce and indignant glances as Barbarossa gave his insulting challenge. Each knight then selected his lance, and with a single leap threw himself on his steed, without aid of stirrup, and rode round the lists to show his skill in horsemanship to the spectators, who frequently testified their admiration by loud bursts of applause at some skilful manœuvre. Don Barbarossa having ridden round the lists and made his obeisance to the King, then went in front of Lady Isabella, to receive her smile of encouragement, which she, according to the custom of the times, was obliged to give;—but it was a cold smile, it came not from the heart. Montmorency having followed in the same manner, each took his station at opposite ends of the space, looking like statues of shining steel. They were both tall and well made, and mounted on powerful chargers. "*En avance*," cried the marshal, and

setting spurs to their chargers, they dashed forward at a furious rate, and met in the centre with a force that made the hills ring again with noise. Each had aimed at the breast-plate of the other, and so faithfully were their lances directed, that they hit where they aimed, and splintering, made their horses recoil with the shook. With suppressed exclamations of hate and defiance, they returned to their positions at the head of the lists.

New lances were supplied them, and again, at the trumpet's sound, they rushed forward. This time, Montmorency directed the point of his lance to Barbarossa's helmet, who nevertheless did not alter the direction of his own lance, which struck the centre of Montmorency's shield, and again splintered it, but without unhorsing him; while Montmorency, having hit his helmet fairly, Barbarossa could not withstand the almost superhuman force, and fell to the ground. A shout arose from the crowd at Montmorency's success, as they ever liked to see a well-won fight. Montmorency having been declared victor, received the approbation of his majesty, and in turn threw down his gage, in a manner similar to the first, to any who might dare accept it; and an ironical smile illuminated his features as he gave his challenge. It was accepted by one of the afore-

mentioned knights, whose courage did not abate as he saw the renowned Barbarossa fall; he thought only of the prize to be gained. But they were unequal to the task: for, one after another, they were unhorsed, and led away by their squires, till but one remained yet to try his fortunes. This was a young knight, whose appearance and demeanor, as he sat upon his high-spirited charger, attracted for him the good wishes and sympathies of the spectators, who rejoiced not at the success of the haughty and overbearing Montmorency, though they applauded his skill; and most sincerely did Isabella smile upon him and wish him success, as he gracefully lowered the point of his lance and made obeisance. As he approached that part of the field where King John was stationed, the king bade him reflect with whom he was to engage, and withdraw while he could; but such was not the young knight's purpose; for, not vouchsafing any reply, he returned to the head of the lists, and took his station.

Montmorency had noticed the confident manner of the daring young stranger, who passed by the name of the fugitive knight, — the device on his shield being a knight on horseback, flying from his paternal castle; and, not being willing to yield any advantages, he changed his tired horse for a fresh one, and also his lance.

The signal was given by the herald, and they rushed forward. Each, this time, had striven to strike the other on the helmet, which they did, but without unhorsing either, though the stranger knight, while he splintered his lance, reeled in his seat.

Montmorency noticed this, and doubted not, but at the next onset, he should serve him as he had served the rest; and the other took good heed to select a tough lance for the next charge; and Montmorency, also, was obliged to choose another; for, on shaking his to try its strength, it snapped in his hand.

The interest of the spectators was now intense, for they had not doubted but that the stranger knight would have fallen as the others; and all felt interested in his high bearing and noble manner — the maidens especially; but they were obliged to keep silence.

Onward again they start, swifter than the flight of the hawk when chasing its prey; as the very horses seemed to have partaken of the spirits and energies of their riders. This time, the result of the *rencontre* was different, as both fell to the ground, while their horses were thrown back by the shock.

"Aha!" muttered Montmorency, "is this upstart thus to serve the far-famed Montmoren-

cy? S'death, no!"—as they both quickly sprung to their feet, and seized their battle-axes.

"Look to thyself, young sir," exclaimed he, as he seized it.

"E'en take care of thine own head," returned the other, as he received the furious attack of Montmorency with a coolness, and returned his blows with a force, that warned him he had to deal with no stranger to battle scenes. The blows flew swift, and with strength; twice did Montmorency press the young stranger on his knees, and twice did he regain his feet, still warding blows, and dealing others. At last Montmorency's blows began to grow more and more feeble, which the other perceiving, he redoubled his own exertions, and finally dealt him a blow, that felled him to the ground, breaking through his helmet of steel, and laying him as dead. The combat here ceased, and the stranger, wearied and fatigued, advanced, leaning on his squire, to the throne of John, who declared him victor, with evident reluctance, for Montmorency was his favorite knight, since he could both fight and flatter.

"Thou hast fought well, and deservest a fair lady's hand; but before we bestow on thee the prize, to whom give we it? Methinks thou should'st own a name."

"I am"—and the knight drew himself up

proudly, as he spoke — "I am Henri, called the brave, and friend and companion to the noble Richard, your brother, at whose side I have sallied against the Saracen."

John trembled, as he ever did when his noble brother's name was mentioned, for it brought with it the remembrance of his wrongs.

"'T is well," said he, "but I would see thy face before I bestow on thee the fair Isabella. Remove thy visor;" for as yet, it had not been removed.

The knight essayed to do so, but in vain; and now, for the first time, blood was noticed flowing from under his helmet. His squire was the first to perceive it; and quickly taking off his steel covering, no longer smooth and bright, but battered and dented with blows, revealed his features, and at the same time it discovered a deep wound on the side of his head. At sight of those features John started, and those around laid hands on their swords. The knight stood motionless, regarding them only with a look of scorn and lofty pride. His looks showed him to be but young, yet there was in his dark eye and expanded brow, and the expression of his countenance, that which denoted a high and noble spirit of daring resolution.

"Henri of Ravenswood," involuntarily ex-

claimed John ; but recovering his self-possession, he bade him go dress his wound, and prepare to receive the fair Isabella.

Meanwhile Montmorency's squire had removed him to his tent, where every exertion was made to recover him, and, at last, with success ; but his brow became clouded and dark, and he spoke fiercely as he demanded his victor's name.

"Henri of Ravenswood," answered his squire.

"S'death!" cried he, and he grew furiously angry, as he gave order to prepare for a march.

"But thy wounds," replied the squire.

"Dastard, do as I bid thee!" and Montmorency, in his fury, seized a *bâton*, but his squire had vanished. Soon his charger was at the door of his tent ; and, regardless of his wounds, after having counted out his ransom for his horse and arms, Montmorency, followed by his squire, was swiftly pursuing his way to France ; and, it is said, never saw England more. John's surprise and astonishment, when he sent to inquire concerning his wounds, to find him gone, may well be imagined.

During this time, the fair cause of these things preserved her accustomed presence of mind ; and her agitation could only be seen in the quick changing color, as either of the combatants gained an advantage, or dealt a heavier blow than com-

mon. When the combat was decided, a sickness came upon her, as she thought she was now another's, whose she knew not, though glad it was not Montmorency conquered; and she retired, as soon as the herald had given notice of the contest of yeomen, wrestlers, &c., on the morrow, to take place in the presence of his majesty King John, with a sad heart, amid the gay and joyous assemblage around her, who seemed to envy her the daring young knight.

"*King* John, forsooth!" exclaimed a hardy yeoman, as the herald finished; "not while the noble Richard lives;" and a cheer from those that heard it, greeted the speaker. . . . . .

That eve was Isabella to be bestowed upon the young Henri; and as darkness began to overshadow the place, the long hall, fitted for the occasion, began to be filled with those invited to witness the ceremony. At the appointed time, John, followed by a few favorites, and the victorious knight, armed as from the field, except that his armor was now bright and polished, entered at one end of the hall; while the fair Isabella, surrounded by the court beauties, entered at the other. John seated himself on a rich seat or throne, acknowledging by a haughty bow, the cheers that greeted his entrance, with Isabella on one side of him, pale with emotion, and Henri

on the other. A priest in rich robes was about to commence the ceremony, when Henri exclaimed, "Hold! sir priest. Fair lady, thou art free; the hand that I receive, must be the heart's willing tribute, not the forced one of circumstances. I only ask the beauteous flower that decks thy brow; when I have won the heart, then shall it be mine." As he spoke, he took the flower with a noble grace, and placed it on his crest, and his voice was rich and full of melody. Turning from her grateful face to John's astonished eyes, his tones grew deeper and stronger, and his lofty brow grew dark, as he said, "Prince John, beware; for Richard lives, and yet is king;" and he drew his sword as he spoke; and ere John could recover from his astonishment at the boldness of the knight, he had vanished through a side door, warding, as he went, some of the score of blows directed to him, and receiving others on his coat of mail; and a moment after, the tramp of his steed's swift feet was heard on the pavement, as he left the hall behind him.

"To horse, and bring me the traitor," cried John, as soon as he could speak; but to no purpose, the knight was too far away. . . . .

Let us leave these now, even the feelings of the fair Isabella, and turn to the occupants of yon

noble castle. It is now years since the tournament, so feebly described, took place. In that noble and commanding personage, do we not recognize the former fugitive knight, bending over the counterpart of himself, a child, lying on the lap of its fond mother? and in that mother, do we not see the gentle, beauteous Isabella? Yes, even so. I cannot tell how, but it happened that they met while Richard again occupied England's throne; and as Henri made proposals for her hand, she found it not so hard a task to bestow, as, on a former occasion, she thought she should. In the presence of their approving king, they were united; and often did they rally each other about the scenes of the tournament, before John.

THE VISION.

I was seated in my study, surrounded by books of science. In my hand was a history of the progress of knowledge and liberty from the earliest ages, and of the rise and fall of nations, and I thought its date was in the year 1900. I had been perusing its wonderful pages, and contemplating the truths therein contained; my mind wandered over the scenes of the past, and was now dwelling upon the grand strife between Liberty and Ambition, heroic Greece had witnessed. I turned to contemplate the history of fair Italy, and view its progress in liberty. I dwelt upon Rome, that wonderful city, which had witnessed so great changes. By turns, each city of Europe was present to my mind, its progress dwelt upon with pleasure, not unmixed with pain. I sighed to think of the strife they had witnessed; but as I thought of the change they had experienced from following the bright example of my own glorious country, my heart beat with rapture, and overflowed with gratitude to those who had founded its government. But I longed to see more closely the progress of liberty and dissem-

ination of knowledge, and the wish involuntarily escaped from my lips, that I could talk with one who had witnessed these changes; though I, at the same time, thought my wish was vain, for the dead could not rise again, and the living saw only what I saw. But scarcely had the wish escaped my lips, before a rustling, as of garments, attracted my attention. I looked, and what was my astonishment at beholding a figure as of a female of exceeding beauty, standing before me. I gazed upon her with wonder, and as I gazed, bowed myself with reverence, for there was that in her countenance not to be mistaken; — before me stood the Goddess of Knowledge. She spoke: "Young man, thy wish is heard, and loving those who follow learning's paths, it shall be granted. Follow me." She stretched forth her hand, the which, speechless with surprise, I took. Together we mounted the skies. My country was soon far below me, and, supported by a chariot of clouds, we crossed the vasty deep of ocean. Europe lay before us. France was passed, and fair Italy and Greece, the land of song, lay beneath our gaze. "Here will we pause," said my beautiful guide; "now is thy wish accomplished — before thee lie the lands thou desirest so much to see. Yonder in the distance lies Greece; and there is Italy, with its

mighty city, Rome. Look, and say what thou seest." I looked, and beheld, not poor and meagre kingdoms, but a country teeming with the richest of earth's products. The people, millions in number, seemed doing but one thing — singing praises, or listening to the eloquence that flowed from the lips of countless orators. I marvelled at this, and asked the cause. "They are singing songs of gratitude that they are free. This is the anniversary of their liberation from the thraldom of kings and petty tyrants, when darkness and ignorance flew from the land, and were followed by knowledge and light. On the yearly return of the days on which those things took place, they rejoice that kings are no more. Liberty dwells with them, and the people, in their majesty, govern themselves.

"Cast thine eyes now upon Greece. There also is liberty. See, the true lords of the soil have returned to govern their land. The haughty Turk no more grinds them in the dust, for here too has Liberty triumphed; they are again free. Now," continued she, "let us turn again and view sunny France. There also you see the people rejoicing in their freedom from the tyranny of those kings and emperors that so long racked her noble people. Hark to the song of that company of peasants in yonder vineyard: its burden

is the praise of those who obtained for them their liberty. Now view England, Ireland and Scotland: — the seat of so many hard struggles between kings and subjects, is now free as Columbia. Let us shape our flight," she still continued, "o'er the rest of Europe. As with Britain, France, Italy, Greece, so with the other states. The same great struggle that liberated one, liberated them also. Would'st know the history of that struggle? When freedom found no resting place in this land of kings and emperors, with a small band of hardy pilgrims, Columbia's land she sought. There she found her long desired place of repose; and there she planted that mighty republic, whose glory is the theme of the world, and whose people are the most enlightened of earth. The struggle was long and hard, ere she attained that eminence, but success at last crowned her efforts. As other nations watched her growth, they longed to be free; they longed to partake of the happiness freedom imparted, and they resolved to obtain it. But not at once was this obtained; no, many years passed by ere the prize was won. When the struggle began, it soon became general, for one nation might not obtain it without the other, and thus all Europe was revolutionized. The struggle was successful — Europe was free. The slave no longer

bowed to his master in Russia, and the Turk no longer held the Greek in bondage; but all were FREE."

Here the goddess paused; and as I gazed upon her face, there shone from it such a majestic glow as my highest thoughts never dreamed of before. I could not interrupt her glorious contemplations. I could only gaze with awe. She again addressed me:

"Now, as you cast your eyes over Europe's broad expanse, see you not the numberless temples pointing to the skies in every city, town and village? Liberty can only dwell with light;—with ignorance it cannot stay. Conscious of this truth, the liberated have erected those temples, where the youth of Europe are seen congregating for the acquisition of truth and knowledge; and richly shall their exertions be paid; for whoever seeks knowledge shall find it; and till time's remotest age, shall liberty be the blessing of Europe. Even now, as we gaze, see the countless millions of youth assembling around those temples, each one a future patriot and friend of his country." She paused, and again commenced:

"Let us retrace our flight, and view fair Columbia, mine own peculiar province, and Liberty's brightest gem, dear to her as her first resting

place, and from which she disseminated these principles, the result of which is now seen throughout the civilized world."

Towards Columbia we shaped our course, and, as it beamed upon our view, nought on earth had appeared so beautiful to my sight before. Below us it lay a rich and varied scene. O, beautiful indeed seemed its green fields and lands, teeming with the rich produce of agriculture ; its gigantic rivers and lofty mountains, and its wide-spread prairies, all harmonizing with the view ! Although these formed a scene beautiful and unsurpassed, that which was most pleasing to my glad sight, was the many millions of happy people, enjoying in security and peace the blessings of freedom. As the goddess gazed upon it, a brighter fire lit up her eyes, and new energies marked her speech. "Hail, blest America!" cried she ; "never can I gaze upon thee without feelings of glory, pride and love ; for that, here first dawned Liberty, companion of Knowledge. There the power of Knowledge herself was first respected. Happy thou in being her son. Mayest thou prove thyself worthy of the proud name of American ! Look over the beautiful scene before us, and see the millions of youth gathering around the institutions of learning, receiving those seeds, the plants of which shall be nourished to the

country's future glory; for, founded on the everlasting rock of truth, Columbia's glory shall be such as palmiest days of kingdoms never knew. Not like the gorgeous splendor that follows the setting sun to the western skies, but the brilliant purity of morning's dawn; for the sun of America is on the ascent, nor shall it set till 'time shall close his records, and the heavens shall pass away as a scroll.'"

The vision passed away, and I was alone in my study.

FRAGMENTS.

AN OLD MAN'S REFLECTIONS.

I HAVE awakened, as it were, from a dream of almost a life's duration. Alas! alas! that I should sleep the most valued portion of life, only to waken as I am about entering upon the "pale realms of shade;" to prepare for which, would well occupy ages of active wakefulness. In the hope that the recital of my experience may prove of some benefit to those who are but entering upon life's duties, it is, that I indite these lines. I entered upon life with perhaps as fair prospects as ever beamed upon youth at the commencement of his course. Friends, warm and ardent, greeted me at every turn; and, above all, wealth was in my possession; that which, with proper care, might have made me happy and rejoicing in the blessings of those whose misfortunes I had relieved, but which, in the end, had well nigh proved my destruction, as it has robbed me, and

those who might have been benefited by it, of the best portion of my years. Though I had many true friends, who would have stood by me through good or evil report, my wealth caused me to be mainly surrounded by those butterfly characters, without either stability of mind or habits, whose only object seems to have been to live upon the credulity of the world, weak themselves, and make it subservient to their desires and wishes. Surrounded by these, I but too readily surrendered myself to their desires, went with the stream on which they floated, and yielded myself to the giddy whirlpool of fashion and pleasure, — or excitement, as would perhaps be more correct to say, for it was not all pleasure, though it might appear so to others. Naturally endowed with a mind fond of thought, there were moments when excitement had died away, and left only an indistinct recollection of scenes, when fancy would lead me to perceive that my course was not such as became one endowed with capabilities that might be a benefit to the world; and in those moments, when felt alone, and reflection was, as it were, forced upon me, I was far from happy. But short time had I then for reflection, and few were the minutes I was alone when I could help it; for if my meditations were not interrupted by the entrance of my gay com-

panions, as was most generally the case, I drove thought from me, by seeking them, till, at last, I learned to avoid thought, now become almost insupportable. Thus, in the gay round of pleasure, youth and manhood passed away. Those who would have been true friends, seeing that I neglected their counsels and chose to follow a useless mode of life, at last, were either forced to drop me, or I became weary of, and left them; and thus was left without other guidance than a passionate love of exciting pleasure. Thus passed my days, until, as I before said, youth and the best portion of manhood were passed, and left me, approaching age, with a diminished fortune, an almost ruined constitution, and scarce a single one of my former companions, who so gayly fluttered about me in my prosperity;—no, their object was to live upon others' wealth, and prey upon them; and when they found they could do so but little longer, they fell away, to prey upon new victims.

Pleasure had now lost its great charm of excitement, and I was forced, at last, once more to think. And what were the pangs I thus endured! I found, when thought did return to my almost exhausted frame, I was not entirely bereft of sensibility. Life passed in review before me. I had entered the world with bright prospects; I was

now fast approaching the grave, with scarce a single friend. I was endowed with talents of a high order, that might have been made beneficial to the cause of humanity, either in the halls of legislation, or in the more domestic social circle. I might have drawn around me friends, who would have loved and respected me, and held me in grateful remembrance and esteem. Those talents had been wasted, and I had lived a life of folly and uselessness, — ay, worse, — for as I had been led away from usefulness, had not my influence, also, been given to induce others so to go astray? How many shall the grave hold at one dread day, led by my example, from the paths of virtue! I know not how many there may be! I shudder to bring the thought to mind.

Who shall lament me, when the sod lies over my mortal remains? What tear of the many that might have dropped, will now be shed in memory of me? I am fast hastening to the grave, yet I would not go without making some effort to redeem a few of the errors of an ill-spent life. I would warn those who are now entering upon its many scenes, to take heed to their ways, lest when they have passed its meridian, they too lament a worse than useless part. — Though thoughtless pleasure may, for a while, be tempt-

ing, though its excitements be dear for the present, could it be known what pain must succeed them, how soon would they be thrown aside for ways of peaceful virtue! The grave is now before me. I must soon sink to my final resting place, and oh! with what pleasure would I do so, could I reflect that my passage to it had been one of usefulness! could I reflect, that I had done my full meed of duty to friends and mankind! I would have those who are now entering life's domain, take heed that they follow not my example, but that rather, when they leave this world, it may be with a reflection I cannot enjoy — that their lives have been usefully and profitably spent.

DEATH.

There is nothing, perhaps, the thought of which is so much shunned, as the thought of death and a future life. Men hear the sound, shudder, and wonder that such a change as death must come over them. As to a future life, they fear there is no such thing, though reflection would soon clear them of their doubt. The late lamented Mr. Leggett, a few days before his death, composed a few lines on this subject, commenc-

ing somewhat in this manner: "There's no such thing as death; the end of life is but the beginning of a new existence;" and as such, do all reflecting men regard it. What a cold and gloomy religion must that be, (if religion it can be called,) that teaches, that when his breath leaves man, *that* is his end! He who has been the life and delight of the family circle here; he whose words have awakened an enthusiastic glow in the hearts of thousands of his fellow-men; he, whose voice has been the sound to which tens of thousands have rallied; the maiden who has been the pride of friends and joy of parents; the young man of promising talents; all, when brought to death's door, cease to exist, except as a mass of earth! May I be preserved from believing in such a doctrine! But, "there is no such thing as death." Nothing else dies; why should man die? The flowers that fade in autumn, spring again, with new beauties, when the season returns. The grass, that moulders in Winter, with Spring arises anew; and trees that have cast off their garments, adopt new ones, and though cut down and burned, exist yet, though in a different shape. As the seasons, after they have passed away, return again; as day succeeds the fading night; so will it be with the spirit of man; a repose in the grave, and he will again spring into

existence, a new and beautiful being ; the trammels of earth will be cast off, and the spirit will rejoice in its freedom. We all know, that as our frames grow old and worn, the spirit or light of life within us becomes dim, and glows with a feeble spark ; it follows then, that if our frames were never thrown off, the spirit would become incapable of action, in fact, dead. Death is but the exchange of an earthly, worn frame, for a better one ; one that never becomes enfeebled. With such a change in view, death is disarmed of one of its greatest terrors, and man passes through the dark valley without fear.

HOPE.

How mysterious is our being ! How mysterious the manner of our lives ! Why do we live ? For what purpose do we toil, day after day, and year after year, in one ceaseless round ? Is it that we may acquire money ? If so, how foolish does it appear thus to labor for what we must soon leave ! Is it for happiness ? Yet it does seem vain to seek it amid that which is continually loading us with care and trouble. We go, we come, and to what does it amount ?

What is it that gives to life its sacred charm? What is it that enables us to go through the same busy scenes with ceaseless repetition, with new and ever-varying emotions? Although, from day to day, we return to the same walks of life; although, year after year, we toil incessantly at the same occupation, yet do we not become weary of it. There is a something that, as each day passes over our heads, enables us to hail its approach with feelings, not of languor or weariness, but of joy, that our vigor is renewed, and we are still enabled to follow our pursuits. There is a something within us that, as the light which greets the eye of the mariner who has long watched for it, gives to him new strength and revives his drooping spirits, also inspires us with new life, and imparts to us new vigor, when our minds are depressed with thoughts of the many sorrows and hardships of our lot, and enables us in life's darkest hour to wear a face of happiness, and calmly await the future. This something is Hope. It is that which lightens the burden of man, giving his countenance a joyful cast, even in times of sorrow. It is hope that enables him to triumph over and laugh to scorn his worst foe, despair. Is his brow shrouded in darkness, hope dispels the dark shade, and covers it, in its stead, with sunny smiles.

Were it not for this hope, life would indeed be a "dull reality;" sorrows would reign where joy now sits light, and the approach of the future be regarded as that of the jailer to the condemned felon. Well and truly has Addison written, that "that life is the happiest which is the fullest of hope."

TEARS.

There is in tears something, which, while it conveys a sad impression to the heart, is yet pleasing at times, and more gratifying than many so-called pleasures; for tears universally draw our sympathy towards the weeper, and not only that, but they speak of sympathy also. They show a tender heart, and one in which the gentlest passions have fullest sway; for one in whom the bad passions are found strong, rarely weeps, as with our tears seems to flow away also all that is bad, leaving us filled with better feelings than before dwelt within us. There is scarce any thing that opens so readily the fountain of tears, as that which calls us to separate from some loved friend who has enjoyed our sympathies for a long time, whether that separation be in spirit, or of the body. Above all, death touches us the most—then it is, when some loved one is called to de-

part, that our grief grows more strong: and I would not have it otherwise. Although I would not see too much grief at death, yet I would not leave this world without a single tear glistening in the eyes of those I leave behind me; for it would bespeak a coldness of heart. I would have those who love me, though but little, evince that little, or else it would say, plainer than words, that I was not such an one as, by a kind disposition and gentle manners, drew the sympathies and love of my friends, and endeared them to me. It would seem to say, plainer than words, "thou wert not a being formed for love, and earth is as well without thee." O how would my heart be pained, did I know that such would be said of me when I die! When I am called to depart, I would be lamented — I would have the tears, in the still, silent hour of reflection, come unbidden to the eyes, as a lament for one, loved for his good qualities and kindness of heart.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

What a beautiful, consoling doctrine is that of guardian spirits, hinted at by some heavenly minds! O, it is a glorious thought, that while we are busied with the cares and troubles of this

nether world, there are spirits on high, watching over us with solicitude, and directing our energies in right paths! that as some evil imagination comes into our minds, the dread thought is banished by a guardian spirit. And may not those guardian spirits be, in some measure, the spirits of our departed friends, who, seeing the danger through which they had passed, are anxious to preserve us from the same, and therefore hover around us, to guard us in all our actions? Happy is he who follows as they direct! Wretched is he who neglects their soft whisperings! Man's life is a mixture of good and bad. The good, we may imagine, is the path through which they, bearing the will of the All-Supreme one, lead us gently on; the bad, that path in which we stray when we neglect their counsels. It is a doctrine especially soothing and beautiful to those wounded by the loss of near and dear relations. While they are still lingering here, they feel the gentle influence acting from above, and grief is in part assuaged. They direct the energies of the poor earthly mortal; and when, in silent contemplation, his imagination dwells on things heavenly, they commune with him, and an holy serenity and calmness reigns within his breast; and as he mingles with the contaminating things of earth, he remains by their guidance pure and uncontaminated.

PROPER USE OF TIME.

Time, or the proper use of it, is a subject that most persons dislike very much to contemplate. Why, they can scarcely tell, but so it is. They are willing to dwell on scenes that have passed away, but seldom to bestow much thought on the future, or whether the past might not have been used to greater advantage, in a different manner. This, evidently, ought not so to be; for what does not depend on time, or the use we make of it? All our hopes, both here and in a brighter sphere, depend on it. The passage of time, then, ought to be carefully watched, and no moment suffered to pass without being employed to advantage, either in improving our own condition, or the condition of others. Indeed, if we strive continually to improve the condition of others, our own improvement will follow as a matter of course; for, happiness being the great object of our search, those will rarely miss finding it, who seek it in the improvement of their fellow beings; as a glow of delight and pleasure comes over the heart, at the thought of a good action, such as those, whose only thoughts conceive the best and most rapid means of acquiring riches, can never feel. The mind and the heart

are more the same thing, than many, I suppose, imagine; for the one depends almost entirely on the other. If the heart be pure and holy, the mind will dwell on things that are pure and innocent also. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and if the mind be impure, the mouth will soon betray it. If, therefore, we seek to improve the condition of the heart, that of the mind will soon follow.

TIME'S CHANGES.

How great are Time's changes! Nothing escapes his unsparing hand; all things, by him, are changed. In boyhood, we laugh and sport, yet, amid our mirthfulness, long for manhood; and when we have reached "man's estate," we sigh because our boyhood has passed away, and envy the young and merry as they join in their plays around us. When old age has arrived, we regret that the meridian of life is past, and wish again to be young. Why is this so? Some reason there must be for it. In youth we wish to arrive at manhood, that our sphere of action may be extended, and that we may give way to our ambitious hopes and high aspirations. At manhood, we wish to be young again, that we may

be rid of its peculiar cares and troubles, and that we may again enjoy our past youthful sports and plays. We remember the many hours we whiled away, and we long for such circumstances again. In old age, we wish to re-live our lives, that we may live them better. It is then, when our business is, mostly, to contemplate the past, that we see faults that passed unnoticed in the busy whirl of life; and things that before we thought worthy of us, then become contemptible in our eyes, and fill us with dejection and sorrow. If, then, such is the experience of man's life, how ought those who are now young to take warning, and live blamelessly!

FAME.

Who is there that does not desire fame of some kind? There is, probably, not one; and it is proper it should be so. I would not advocate fame as the prime object of all our actions, as the end to which all our thoughts should tend, but rather that we may live so that our deeds shall be such as shall make us worthy of being remembered by our friends after we shall have been separated from them.

The object of man should be the greatest good

to the greatest number, and he who shall aid largely in procuring that great good, is worthy of being remembered when the bonds that bound him to this lower world shall have been broken, and his spirit have soared to brighter regions. Yet, how many are there, who live and die — and that is their whole history. Even those who were most intimate with them in life, soon forget them.

I would not have this to be so entirely. I would that the history of each individual might be continued to a greater length, and that it might be said of him, "he lived, while he lived, eminent for his good actions, and was an honor to his country: when he died, he was universally lamented; for, at his death, his country lost a faithful servant, and a just and honorable citizen." Such is the fame I would have awarded to us when we shall be no more. I would be honorably remembered. This fame is confined to no particular situation or condition of life. All are capable of acquiring it, if we but press forward with honesty of purpose and sincerity of heart.

FOR AN ALBUM.

I AM asked to add my name to the list of those I find recorded here. Yet, why? To what purpose? It will be but a few short years, ere the thoughts that are here noted down will be lost in the vast abyss that receives all things. A few short years, before their authors will be numbered among the living no more, and all memory of them cease. The book that contains their fancyings may survive them awhile, but it shall pass into the hands of those who will be strangers to them, perhaps of another generation. I look upon the names here written, names unknown to me, and read the lines above them, some serious, some gay, and as I look and read, ask, who and what are they? I know them not; yet these words tell of beings like myself, wandering on through life's chequered scenes, animated by passions similar to those which animate me. I see them not; yet here I converse with them, breathe their thoughts, and join in their kindred sentiments. Yet, how long? Their lives speak of friendships warm, of buoyant, ardent hopes, prayers for a happy course in life, and confidence in the future. Yet, how soon will they, who thus breathe their wishes, and she

for whom they are uttered, standing on the threshold of those

"——— pale realms of shade,"

realize, with fearful force, that their lives are, indeed, like "tales that are told." Their memory, perhaps lengthened by their mementoes in this book, will linger with a few, like the memory of a pleasing recital; yet, short the time, ere even this, also, shall die away, and none sigh over their tombs, except, perchance, some stray passer, who will sigh to think, as he looks on the slab that marks the spot where they lie, that the grave must, before many years have rolled around, be also his home.

MEMORY.

Oh! dear to me are memory's dreams,
Reviving pleasure's soothing lays;
How bright they make hope's joyous beams,
Telling of happier, sweeter days!

They banish from my darkened soul
The pressing woes of fleeting time;
They bid grief's billows cease to roll,
And bear me to a brighter clime,

Where lovelier faces round me gleam,
And joy, ecstatic, reigns again;
And every early sunlit scene,
Renews association's chain.

My languid, tired soul, once more
Awakes to long-past joys and bliss;
And passion, burning as before,
Revives my faded happiness.

Aye, in those fond and lovely dreams,
Misanthropy's dark reign decays;
And youthful exultation seems
To sweetly fill its vacant place.

O, could I thus for ever live!
My joy, my bliss, my all, a dream!
And O, that gentle sleep could give
Visions so full of love's bright gleam!

Then would I bid the world Farewell!
And quick resign my soul to sleep;
And nought but nature's funeral knell
Should wake me from my slumber deep.

THE END.

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